Thalia Rediviva:

THE *Pass-Times* and *Diversions* OF A COUNTREY-MUSE,

In Choice

POEMS

On several Occasions,

WITH

Some Learned *Remains* of the Eminent

Eugenius Philalethes,

Never made Publick till now.

——Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia. *Virgil.*

Licensed, *Roger L'Estrange.*

London, Printed for *Robert Pawlet* at the Bible in *Chancery-lane,* near *Fleetstreet,* 1678.

THE

Pulp-Tiger and Diverſions

OF A

COUNTREY-MUSE.

In Choice

POEMS

On ſeveral Occaſions

WITH

Some Learned Remains of Antiquity.

Never made Publick till now.

London, Printed for Robert Pawlet at the Bible in Chancery-lane, near Fleetſtreet. 1674.

TO THE

Most Honourable and truly Noble

HENRY

Lord Marquis and Earl of

WORCESTER, &c.

My Lord,

THough *Dedications* are now become a kind of Tyranny over the Peace and Repose of great Men; yet I have confidence I shall so manage the present Address as to entertain your Lordship without much disturbance; and because my purposes are govern'd by deep Respect and Veneration, I hope to find your Lordship more facile

and acceſſible. And I am already abſolv'd from a great part of that fulſome and deſigning guilt, being ſufficiently remov'd from the cauſes of it: for I conſider, my Lord! that you are already ſo well known to the World in your ſeveral Characters, and advantages of Honour; it was yours by traduction, and the adjunct of your Nativity, you were ſwaddl'd and rock'd in't, bred up and grew in't to your now wonderful height and eminence: that for me under pretence of the inſcription to give you the heraldry of your family, or to carry your perſon through the fam'd Topicks of Mind Body, or Eſtate, were all one as to perſwade the World that Fire and Light were very bright Bodies, or that the Luminaries themſelves had Glory. In point of Protection I beg to fall in with the common wont, and to be ſatisfied by the reaſonableneſs of the thing, and abundant worthy precedents; and although I ſhould have ſecret prophecy and aſſurance that the enſuing Verſe would live eternally, yet would I, as I now do, humbly crave it might be fortifi'd with your Patronage; for ſo the Sextile Aſpects and Influences

are

are watch'd for, and applied to the actions of Life, thereby to make the Scheme and good Auguries of the Birth paſs into Fate, and a ſucceſs infallible.

My Lord! By a happy obliging Interceſſion, and your own conſequent Indulgence, I have now recourſe to your Lordſhip; hopeing, I ſhall not much diſpleaſe by putting theſe Twin Poets into your Hands. The Minion and Vertical Planet of the Roman Luſtre and Bravery was never better pleaſed, than when he had a whole Conſtellation about him: not his finiſhing Five ſeveral Wars to the promoting of his own Intereſt, nor particularly the prodigious ſucceſs at *Actium*, where he held in chaſe the Wealth, Beauty and Proweſs of the Eaſt; not the Triumphs and abſolute Dominions which followed, all this gave him not half that ſerene Pride and Satisfaction of Spirit as when he retir'd himſelf to umpire the different Excellencies of his inſipid Friends, and to diſtribute Lawrels among his Poetick Heroes: If now upon the Authority of this, and ſeveral ſuch Examples I had the Ability and Op-

portunity of drawing the Value and ſtrange Worth of a Poet, and withall of applying ſome of the Lineaments to the following pieces; I ſhould then do my ſelf a real Service, and attone in a great meaſure for the preſent inſolence. But beſt of all will it ſerve my Defence and Intereſt to appeal to your Lordſhips own conceptions and image of *Genuine* Verſe; with which ſo juſt, ſo regular Original, if theſe Copies ſhall hold proportion and reſemblance, then am I advanced very far in your Lordſhips pardon: the reſt will entirely be ſupplied me by your Lordſhips Goodneſs, and my own awful Zeal of being,

My Lord!

Your Lordſhips moſt

obedient, moſt humbly

devoted Servant

J. W.

To the Reader.

THE Nation of Poets above all Writers has ever challeng'd perpetuity of Name, or as they please by their Charter of Liberty to call it, Immortality. Nor has the World much disputed their claim, either easily resigning a Patrimony in it self not very substantial; or, it may be, out of despair to controule the authority of Inspiration and Oracle. Howsoevert he price as now quarrell'd for among the Poets themselves is no such rich bargain: 'tis only a vanishing interest in the Lees and Dreggs of Time, in the Rear of those Fathers and Worthies in the Art, who if they know any thing of the heats and fury of their Successors must extreamly pity them.

I am to assure, that the Author has no portion of that airy happiness to lose by any injury or unkindness which may be done to his Verse: his Reputation is better built in the sentiment of several judicious Persons, who know him very well able to give himself a lasting Monument, by undertaking any Argument of note in the whole Circle of Learning.

But even these his Diversions have been valuable with the matchless Orinda, and since they deserv'd her esteem and commendations; who so thinks them not worth the publishing, will put himself in the opposite Scale, where his own arrogance will blow him up.

I. W.

To Mr. Henry Vaughan *the Silurist: upon these and his former* Poems.

HAd I ador'd the Multitude, and thence
Got an Antipathy to wit and sence,
And hugg'd that Fate, in hope the World would (grant
Twas *good Affection* to the Ignorant:
Yet the least Ray of thy bright fancy seen
I had converted, or excuseless been.
For each Birth of thy Muse to after-times
Shall expiate for all this Ages Crimes.
First shines thy *Amores*, twice crown'd by thee:
Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetrie;
Where thou the best of Unions dost dispense
Truth cloath'd in Wit, and Love in Innocence.
So that the muddie Lover may learn here,
No Fountains can be sweet, that are not clear.
There *Juvenal*, by thee reviv'd declares
How flat man's Joys are, and how mean his Cares;
And wisely doth upbraid the World, that they
Should such a value for their ruine pay.
But when thy sacred Muse diverts her Quill
The Landskip to design of *Sions* Hill,
As nothing else was worthy her, or thee:
Sows admire almost t' Idolatrie.
What savage Breast would not be rap'd to find
Such Jewels in such Cabinets enshrin'd?
Thou fill'd with joys (too great to see or count:)
Descend'st from thence, like *Moses* from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unquestion'd awe
Reviv'st the Golden Age, when Verse was Law.

Instruct-

Instructing us, thou so secur'st thy Fame,
That nothing can disturb it, but my name.
Nay I have hopes, that standing so near thine
'Twill loose its dross, and by degrees refine.
Live! till the disabused World consent
All Truths of Use, of Strength or Ornament
Are with such Harmony by thee display'd
As the whole World was first by number made;
And from the charming rigour thy Muse brings
Learn, there's no pleasure but in serious things!

Orinda

Upon the Ingenious Poems *of his Learned Friend, Mr.* Henry Vaughan *the Siluriſt.*

FAirly deſign'd! to charm our *Civil* Rage
With *Verſe*, and plant *Bayes* in an *Iron* Age.
But hath ſteel'd *Mars* ſo ductible a Soul,
That *Love* and *Poeſie* may it controule?
Yes: brave *Tyrtæus*, as we read of old,
The *Grecian* Armies, as he pleas'd cou'd *mold*;
They march'd to his high *Numbers*, and did fight
With that *inſtinct* and *rage*, which he did write.
When he fell *lower*, they would ſtrait *retreat*,
Grow ſoft and calm: and temper their bold heat.
Such *Magick* is in *Vertue!* See hear a young
Tyrtæus too, whoſe ſweet perſuaſive Song
Can lead our *Spirits* any way, and move
To all *Adventures*: either *War* or *Love*.

Then veil the bright *Eteſia*, that choice *She*,
Leſt *Mars*, (*Timander's* Friend) his Rival be.
So fair a *Nymph*, dreſt by a *Muſe* ſo neat,
Might warm the *North*, and thaw the frozen *Gete*.

Tho. Powel, D.D.

To

To the ingenious Author of Thalia Rediviva.

Ode I.

WHere Reverend Bards of old have ſate
And ſung the pleaſant enterludes of Fate,
Thou takeſt the hereditary ſhade
Which Natures homely Art had made,
And thence thou giv'ſt thy Muſe her ſwing, and ſhe
Advances to the Galaxie;
There with the ſparkling *Cowley* ſhe above
Does hand in hand in graceful Meaſures move.
We groveling Mortals gaze below,
And long in vain to know
Her wondrous paths, her wondrous flight
In raine; alas! we grope,
In vain we uſe our earthly Teleſcope,
We'r blinded by an intermedial night:
Thine *Eagle-Muſe* can only face
The fiery Courſers in their race,
While with unequal paces we do try
To bear her train aloft, and keep her company.

II.

The loud harmonious *Mantuan*
Once charm'd the world, and here's the *Uſcan* Swan
In his declining years does chime,
And challenges the laſt remains of Time.
Ages run on, and ſoon give o're,
They have their Graves as well as we,
Time ſwallows all that's paſt and more,

Yet

Yet time is ſwallow'd in eternity:
This is the only profits Poets ſee.
There thy triumphant Muſe ſhall ride in ſtate
And lead in Chains devouring Fate;
Claudian's bright Phœnix ſhe ſhall bring
Thee an immortal offering;
Nor ſhall my humble tributary Muſe
Her homage and attendance too refuſe,
She thruſts her ſelf among the Crowd
And joyning in th' applauſe ſhe ſtrives to clap aloud.

III.

Tell me no more that Nature is ſevere
Thou great Philoſopher!
Lo ſhe has laid her vaſt Exchequer here.
Tell me no more that ſhe has ſent
So much already ſhe is ſpent;
Here is a vaſt *America* behind
Which none but the great Siluriſt could find.
Nature her laſt edition was the beſt,
As big, as rich as all the reſt
So will we here admit
Another world of Wit.
No rude or ſavage fancy here ſhall ſtay
The travailing Reader in his way,
But every coaſt is clear: go where he will
Vertu's the road *Thalia* leads him ſtill:
Long may ſhe live, and wreath thy ſacred head
For this her happy reſurrection from the dead.

N. W. Jeſ. Coll. *Oxon.*

To

To my worthy Friend, Mr. Henry Vaughan *the Siluriſt.*

SEe what thou wert! by what Platonick round
Art thou in thy firſt youth and Glories found!
Or from thy Muſe does this Retrieve accrue,
Do's ſhe which once inſpir'd thee, now renew!
Bringing thee back thoſe Golden years which time
Smooth'd to thy Lays and poliſht with thy Rhyme.
Nor i'st to thee alone ſhe do's convey
Such happy change, but bountiful as day
On whatſoever Reader ſhe do's ſhine
She makes him like thee, and for ever thine.

And firſt thy manu'al op'ning gives to ſee
Eccliſpe and ſuff'rings burniſh Majeſty,
Where thou ſo artfully the draught haſt made
That we beſt read the luſtre in the ſhade,
And find our Sov'raign greater in that ſhroud:
So Lightning dazzles from its night and cloud;
So the *firſt Light himſelf* has for his Throne
Blackneſs, and Darkneſs his Pavilion.

Who can refuſe thee company, or ſtay,
By thy next charming ſummons forc'd away,
If that be force which we can ſo reſent
That only in its joys 'tis violent:
Upward thy *Eagle* bears us e're aware
Till above Storms and all tempeſtuous Air
We radiant Worlds with their bright people meet,
Leaving this little *All* beneath our feet.
But now the pleaſure is too great to tell,
Nor have we other bus'neſs than to dwell
As on the hallow'd Mount th' Apoſtles meant
To build and fix their glorious baniſhment.
Yet we muſt know and find thy skilful Vein
Shall gently bear us to our homes again;

By

By which descent thy former flight's impli'd
To be thy extasie and not thy pride.
And here how well do's the wise *Muse* demeane
Her self, and fit her song to ev'ry Scene!
Riot of Courts, the bloody wreaths of War,
Cheats of the Mart, and clamours of the Bar,
Nay, life it self thou dost so well express
Its hollow Joyes, and real Emptiness,
That *Dorian* Minstrel never did excite,
Or raise for dying so much appetite.

Nor does thy other softer Magick move
Us less thy fam'd *Etesia* to love;
Where such a *character* thou giv'st that shame
Nor envy dare approach the Vestal Dame:
So at bright Prime *Idea's* none repine,
They safely in th' *Eternal Poet* shine.

Gladly th' *Assyrian Phœnix* now resumes
From thee this last reprizal of his Plumes;
He seems another more miraculous thing
Brighter of Crest, and stronger of his Wing;
Proof against Fate in spicy Urns to come,
Immortal past all risque of Martyrdome.

Nor be concern'd, nor fancy thou art rude
T'adventure from thy Cambrian solitude,
Best from those lofty Cliffs thy *Muse* does spring
Upwards, and boldly spreads her Cherub-wing.

So when the *Sage* of *Memphis* would converse
With boding Skies, and th' Azure Universe,
He climbs his starry Pyramid, and thence
Freely sucks clean prophetique influence,
And all Serene, and rap't and gay he pries
Through the Æthereal volum's Mysteries,
Loth to come down, or ever to know more
The *Nile's* luxurious, but dull foggy shore.

I. W. A. M. Oxon.

Choice POEMS on ſeveveral occaſions.

To his Learned Friend and Loyal Fellow-Priſoner, Thomas Powel *of* Cant. *Doctor of Divinity.*

IF ſever'd Friends by *Sympathy* can joyn,
And abſent *Kings* be honour'd in their *coin*;
May they do both, who are ſo curb'd! but we
Whom no ſuch *Abſtracts* torture, that can ſee
And pay each other a full ſelf-return,
May laugh, though all ſuch *Metaphyſics* burn.
'Tis a kind Soul in *Magnets*, that attones
Such two hard things as *Iron* are and *Stones*,
And in their dumb *compliance* we learn more
Of Love, than ever Books could ſpeak before.
For though *attraction* hath got all the name,
As if that *power* but from one ſide came,
Which both unites; yet, where there is no *ſence*,
There is no *Paſſion*, nor *Intelligence*:
And ſo by conſequence we cannot ſtate
A Commerce, unleſs both we animate.
For ſenſeleſs things, though ne'r ſo call'd upon,
Are deaf, and feel no Invitation;

But such as at the last day shall be shed
By the great Lord of Life into the Dead.
'Tis then no *Heresie* to end the strife
With such rare Doctrine as gives *Iron* life.
For were it otherwise (which cannot be,
And do thou judge my bold Philosophie:)
Then it would follow that if I were dead,
Thy love, as now in life, would in that Bed
Of Earth and darkness warm me, and dispense,
Effectual informing Influence.
Since then 'tis clear, that Friendship is nought else
But a Joint, kind propension: and excess
In none, but such whose equal easie hearts
Comply and meet both in their *whole* and *parts*:
And when they cannot meet, do not forget
To mingle Souls, but secretly reflect
And some third place their Center make, where they
Silently mix, and make an unseen stay:
Let me not say (though *Poets* may be bold,)
Thou art more hard than *Steel*, than *Stones* more cold,
But as the *Mary-gold* in Feasts of Dew
And early Sun-beams, though but thin and few
Unfolds its self, then from the Earths cold breast
Heaves gently, and salutes the hopeful *East*:
So from thy quiet *Cell*, the retir'd Throne
Of thy fair thoughts, which silently bemoan
Our sad distractions, come: and richly drest
With reverend mirth and manners, check the rest
Of loose, loath'd men! why should I longer be
Rack't 'twixt two Ev'ls? *I see and cannot see.*

Thalia

Thalia Rediviva.

The King Diſguis'd.

Written about the ſame time that Mr. John Cleveland *wrote his.*

A King and no King! Is he gone from us,
And ſtoln alive into his Coffin thus?
This was to raviſh Death, and ſo prevent
The Rebells treaſon and their puniſhment.
He would not have them damn'd, and therefore he
Himſelf depoſed his own Majeſty.
Wolves did purſue him, and to fly the Ill
He wanders (Royal Saint!) in ſheep-skin ſtill.
Poor, obſcure ſhelter! if that ſhelter be
Obſcure, which harbours ſo much Majeſty.
Hence prophane Eyes! the myſterie's ſo deep,
Like *Eſdras* books, the vulgar muſt not ſee't.
Thou flying Roll, written with tears and woe,
Not for thy Royal ſelf, but for thy Foe:
Thy grief is prophecy, and doth portend.
Like ſad *Ezekiel*'s ſighs, the Rebells end.

Thy robes forc'd off, like *Samuel*'s when rent,
Do figure out anothers Punishment.
Nor grieve thou hast put off thy self a while,
To serve as Prophet to this sinful Isle;
These are our days of *Purim*, which oppress
The Church, and force thee to the Wilderness.
But all these Clouds cannot thy light confine,
The Sun in storms and after them, will shine.
Thy day of life cannot be yet compleat,
'Tis early sure; thy shadow is so great.
But I am vex'd, that we at all can guess
This change, and trust great *Charles* to such a dress.
When he was first obscur'd with this coarse thing,
He grac'd *Plebeians*, but prophan'd the King. (burn'd,
Like some fair Church, which Zeal to Charcoals
Or his own Court now to an Ale-house turn'd.
But full as well may we blame Night, and chide
His wisdom, who doth light with darkness hide:
Or deny Curtains to thy Royal Bed,
As take this sacred cov'ring from thy Head.
Secrets of State are points we must not know;
This vizard is thy privy Councel now,
Thou Royal Riddle, and in every thing
The true white Prince, our Hieroglyphic King!
Ride safely in his shade, who gives thee Light:
And can with blindness thy pursuers smite.
O may they wonder all from thee as farr
As they from peace are, and thy self from Warr!
And wheresoe're thou do'st design to be
With thy (now spotted) spottles Majestie,
Be sure to look no Sanctuary there,
Nor hope for safety in a temple, where

Buyers

Buyers and Sellers trade: O ſtrengthen not
With too much truſt the Treaſon of a Scot!

The Eagle

'Tis madneſs ſure; And I am in the *Fit*,
To dare an *Eagle* with my *unfledg'd* witt.
For what did ever *Rome* or *Athens* ſing
In all their *Lines*, as loftie as his wing?
He that an Eagles *Powers* would rehearſe
Should with his plumes firſt feather all his Verſe.
I know not, when into thee I would prie,
Which to admire, thy *Wing* firſt: or thine *Eye*;
Or whether Nature at thy birth deſign'd
More of her *Fire* for thee, or of her *Wind*.
When thou in the clear *Heights* and upmoſt *Air*
Do'ſt face the Sun, and his diſperſed Hair,
Ev'n from that diſtance thou the *Sea* do'ſt ſpie
And ſporting in its deep, wide Lap the *Frie*.
Not the leaſt *Minoe* there, but thou can'ſt ſee;
Whole Seas are narrow ſpectacles to thee.
Nor is this Element of water here
Below, of all thy miracles the ſphere.
If Poets ought may add unto thy ſtore,
Thou haſt in Heav'n of wonders many more.
For when juſt *Jove* to Earth his thunder bends
And from that bright, eternal Fortreſs ſends
His louder vollies: ſtrait this Bird doth fly
To *Ætna*, where his Magazine doth lye:
And in his active Talons brings him more
Of ammunition, and recruits his ſtore.
Nor is't a low, or eaſie *Lift*. He ſoares
'Bove *Wind* and *Fire*; gets to the *Moon*, and pores

With ſcorn upon her duller face; for ſhe
Gives him but ſhadows and obſcurity.
Here much diſpleas'd, that any thing like night
Should meet him in his proud and loftie flight,
That ſuch dull *Tinctures* ſhould advance ſo farr,
And rival in the glories of a ſtar:
Reſolv'd he is a nobler Courſe to try
And meaſures out his voyage with his Eye.
Then with ſuch furie he begins his flight,
As if his *Wings* contended with his ſight.
Leaving the Moon, whoſe humble light doth trade
With *Spotts*, and deals moſt in the *dark* and *ſhade*:
To the day's Royal *Planet* he doth paſs
With daring Eyes, and makes the Sun his glaſs.
Here doth he plume and dreſs himſelf, the Beams
Ruſhing upon him, like ſo many Streams;
While with direct looks he doth entertain
The thronging flames, and ſhoots them back again.
And thus from ſtar to ſtar he doth repaire
And wantons in that pure and peaceful air.
Sometimes he frights the ſtarrie *Swan*, and now
Orion's fearful *Hare* and then the Crow.
Then with the *Orbe* it ſelf he moves, to ſee
Which is more ſwift th' *Intelligence* or *He*.
Thus with his wings his body he hath brought
Where man can travell only in a thought.
I will not ſeek, rare bird, what *Spirit* 'tis
That mounts thee thus; I'le be content with this;
To think, that Nature made thee to expreſs
Our ſouls bold *Heights* in a material dreſs.

To Mr. M. L. *upon his reduction of the* Psalms *into Method.*

SIR,

YOu have oblig'd the *Patriarch*. And tis known
He is your Debtor now, though for his own.
What he wrote, is a *Medley*. We can see
Confusion trespass on his Piety.
Misfortunes did not only Strike at him;
They charged further, and oppress'd his pen.
For he wrote as his *Crosses* came, and went
By no safe *Rule*, but by his *Punishment*.
His *quill* mov'd by the *Rod*; his witts and he
Did know no *Method*, but their *Misery*.

You brought his *Psalms* now into *Tune*. Nay, all
His measures thus are more than musical.
Your *Method* and his *Aires* are justly sweet, (meet.
And (what's *Church-musick* right) like *Anthems*
You did so much in this, that I believe
He gave the *Matter*, you the *form* did give.
And yet I wish you were not understood,
For now *'tis a misfortune to be good*!

Why then, you'l say, all I would have, is this;
None must be good, because the time's amiss.
For since wise Nature did ordain the *Night*,
I would not have the *Sun* to give us Light.
Whereas this doth not take the *Use* away:
But urgeth the *Necessity* of day.
Proceed to make your pious work as free,
Stop not your seasonable charity.
Good works despis'd, or censur'd by bad times,
Should be sent out to aggravate their Crimes.

They ſhould firſt *Share* and then *Reject* our ſtore:
Abuſe our *Good*, to make their *Guilt* the more.
'Tis *War* ſtrikes at our *Sins*, but it muſt be
A *Perſecution* wounds our *Pietie*.

To the pious memorie of C.W. Eſquire *who finiſhed his Courſe here, and made his Entrance into Immortality upon the* 13 *of* September, *in the year of* Redemption 1653.

NOw, that the publick Sorrow doth ſubſide,
And thoſe ſlight tears which *Cuſtom* Springs,
While all the rich & *out-ſide-Mourners* paſs(are dried;
Home from thy *Duſt* to empty their own *Glaſs*:
I (who the throng affect not, nor their ſtate:)
Steal to thy grave undreſs'd, to meditate
On our ſad loſs, accompanied by none,
An obſcure mourner that would weep alone.
So when the world's great Luminary ſetts,
Some ſcarce known Star into the *Zenith* gets,
Twinkles and curls a weak but willing ſpark:
As Gloworms here do glitter in the dark.
Yet, ſince the dimmeſt flame that kindles there,
An humble love unto the light doth bear,
And true devotion from an Hermits Cell
Will Heav'ns kind King as ſoon reach and as well
As that which from rich Shrines and Altars flyes
Lead by aſcending Incenſe to the Skies:
'Tis no malicious rudeneſs, if the might
Of love makes dark things wait upon the bright,
And from my ſad retirements calls me forth
The Juſt Recorder of thy death and worth.

Long

Long did'ſt thou live (if length be meaſured by
The tedious Reign of our Calamity :)
And Counter to all ſtorms and changes ſtill
Kept'ſt the ſame temper, and the ſelf ſame will.
Though trials came as duly as the day,
And in ſuch miſts, that none could ſee his way ;
Yet thee I found ſtill virtuous, and ſaw (Law,
The Sun give Clouds : and *Charles* give both the
When private Intereſt did all hearts bend
And wild diſſents the public peace did rend :
Thou neither won, nor worn wer't ſtill thy ſelf ;
Not aw'd by force, nor baſely brib'd with pelf.
What the inſuperable ſtream of times
Did daſh thee with, thoſe *Suff'rings* were, not *Crimes*,
So the bright *Sun* Ecclipſes bears ; and we
Becauſe then paſſive, blame him not, ſhould he
For inforc'd ſhades, and the *Moon's* ruder veile
Much nearer us, than him ; be Judg'd to fail ?
Who traduce thee, ſo erre. As poiſons by
Correction are made Antidotes, ſo thy
Juſt Soul did turn ev'n hurtful things to Good ;
Us'd bad Laws ſo, they drew not Tears, nor Blood.
Heav'n was thy Aime, and thy great rare Deſign.
Was not to Lord it here, but there to ſhine.
Earth nothing had, could tempt thee. All that e're
Thou pray'dſt for here, was *Peace* ; and *Glory* there.
For though thy Courſe in times long progreſs fell
On a ſad age, when Warr and open'd Hell
Licens'd all Artes and Sects, and made it free
To thrive by fraud and blood and blaſphemy :
Yet thou thy juſt Inheritance di'dſt by
No ſacrilege, nor pillage multiply ;

No rapine ſwell'd thy ſtate: no bribes, nor fees
Our new oppreſſors beſt Annuities. (heart
Such clean, pure hands had'ſt thou! And for thy
Man's ſecret region and his nobleſt part;
Since I was privy to't, and had the Key
Of that faire Room, where thy bright Spirit lay:
I muſt affirm, it did as much ſurpaſs
Moſt I have known, as the clear Sky doth glaſs.
Conſtant and kind, and plain and meek and Mild
It was, and with no new Conceits defil'd.
Buſie, but ſacred thoughts (like *Bees*) did ſtill
Within it ſtirr, and ſtrive unto that Hill,
Where redeem'd Spirits evermore alive
After their Work is done, aſcend and *Hive*.
No outward tumults reach'd this inward place,
'Twas holy ground: where peace, and love and (grace
Kept houſe: where the immortal reſtles life
In a moſt dutiful and pious ſtrife
Like a fix'd *watch*, mov'd all in order, ſtill;
The *Will* ſerv'd God, and ev'ry *Senſe* the Will!
In this ſafe ſtate death mett thee. Death which (is
But a kind Uſher of the good to bliſs.
Therefore to Weep becauſe thy Courſe is run,
Or droop like Flow'rs, which lately loſt the *Sun*:
I cannot yield, ſince faith will not permitt,
A *Tenure* got by *Conqueſt* to the *Pitt*.
For the great Victour fought for us, and Hee
Counts ev'ry duſt, that is lay'd up of thee.
Beſides, Death now grows decrepit and hath
Spent the moſt part both of its time and wrath.
That thick, black night which mankind fear'd, is torn
By *Troops* of Stars, and the bright day's *Forlorn*.

The

The next glad news (moſt glad unto the Juſt!)
Will be the Trumpet's ſummons from the duſt.
Then Ile not grieve; nay more, I'le not allow
My Soul ſhould think thee abſent from me now.
Some bid their Dead *good night!* but I will ſay
Good morrow to dear Charles! for it is day.

In Zodiacum Marcelli Palingenii.

IT is perform'd! and thy great *Name* doth run
Through ev'ry *Sign* an everlaſting *Sun*.
Not Planet-like, but *fix'd*; and we can ſee
Thy *Genius* ſtand ſtill in his *Apogie*.
For how canſt thou an *Aux* eternal miſs,
Where ev'ry *Houſe* thine *Exaltation* is?
Here's no *Ecclyptic* threatens thee with night,
Although the wiſer, few take in thy light.
They are not at that glorious *pitch*, to be
In a *Conjunction* with *Divinitie*.
Could we partake ſome oblique *Ray* of thine,
Salute thee in a *Sextile*, or a *Trine*,
It were enough; but thou art flown ſo high,
The *Teleſcope* is turn'd a Common Eye.
Had the grave *Chaldee* liv'd thy Book to ſee,
He had known no *Aſtrologie*, but thee;
Nay more, (for I believ't,) thou ſhouldſt have been
Tutor to all his Planets, and to him.
Thus whoſoever reads thee, his charm'd ſenſe
Proves captive to thy *Zodiac's* influence.
Were it not foul to erre ſo, I ſhould look
Here for the *Rabbins* univerſal Book:

And

And say, their fancies did but dream of thee,
When first they doted on that mystery.
Each line's a *via lactea*, where we may
See thy fair steps, and tread that happy way
Thy *Genius* lead thee in, Still I will be
Lodg'd in some *Sign*, some *Face* and some *Degree*
Of thy bright *Zodiac*, Thus I'le teach my *Sense*
To move by that, and thee th' *Intelligence*.

To Lysimachus, *the Author being with him in* London.

SAw not, *Lysimachus*, last day, when wee
Took the pure Air in its simplicity,
And our own too: how the trim'd *Gallants* went
Cringing, & past each step some Complement?
What strange, phantastic *Diagrams* they drew
With Legs and Arms; the like we never knew
In *Euclid*, *Archimed*: nor all of those
Whose learned lines are neither Verse nor Prose?
What store of *Lace* was there? how did the *Gold*
Run in rich *Traces*, but withall made bold
To measure the proud *things*, and so deride
The *Fops* with that, which was part of their pride?
How did they point at us, and boldly call,
As if we had been Vassals to them all,
Their poor *Men-mules* sent thither by hard fate
To yoke our selves for their *Sedans* and State?
Of all ambitions, this was not the least,
VVhose drift translated man into a beast.
VVhat blind discourse the *Heroes* did afford?
This *Lady* was their Friend, and such a *Lord*.

How

How much of *Blood* was in it? one could tell
He came from *Bevis* and his *Arundel*;
Morglay was yet with him, and he could do
More feats with it, than his old Grandſire too.
Wonders my Friend at this? what is't to thee,
Who canſt produce a nobler Pedigree,
And in meer truth affirm thy Soul of kin
To ſome bright *Star*, or to a *Cherubin?*
When theſe in their profuſe *moods* ſpend the night
With the ſame ſins, they drive away the light,
Thy learned *thrift* puts her to uſe; while ſhe
Reveals her firy Volume unto thee;
And looking on the ſeparated skies
And their clear Lamps with careful thoughts & eyes
Thou break'ſt through Natures upmoſt rooms & bars
To Heav'n, and there converſeſt with the Stars.
Well fare ſuch harmleſs, happy *nights* that be
Obſcur'd with nothing but their *privacie:*
And miſſing but the falſe world's *glories*, do
Miſs all thoſe *vices*, which attend them too!
Fret not to hear their ill-got, ill-giv'n praiſe;
Thy darkeſt nights outſhine their brighteſt dayes.

On Sir Thomas Bodley's *Library*; *the Author being then in* Oxford.

Boaſt not proud *Golgotha*: that thou can'ſt ſhow
The ruines of mankind, and let us know
How fraile a thing is fleſh! though we ſee there
But empty Skulls, the *Rabbins* ſtill live here.
They are not dead, but full of *Blood* again,
I mean the *Senſe*, and ev'ry *Line* a *Vein*.

Triumph

Triumph not o're their Duſt; whoever looks
In here, ſhall find their *Brains* all in their Books.
Nor is't old *Paleſtine* alone ſurvives,
Athens lives here, more than in *Plutarch's* lives.
The ſtones which ſometimes danc'd unto the ſtrain
Of *Orpheus*, here do lodge his muſe again.
And you the *Roman* Spirits, learning has
Made your lives longer, than your Empire was.
Ceſar had periſh'd from the World of men,
Had not his *Sword* been reſcu'd by his *pen*.
Rare *Seneca*! how laſting is thy breath?
Though *Nero* did, thou could'ſt not bleed to Death.
How dull the expert Tyrant was, to look
For that in thee, which lived in thy Book?
Afflictions turn our *Blood* to *Ink*, and we
Commence when *Writing*, our *Eternity*.
Lucilius here I can behold, and ſee
His *Counſels* and his *Life* proceed from thee.
But what care I to whom thy *Letters* be?
I change the *Name*, and thou do'ſt write to me;
And in this Age, as ſad almoſt as thine,
Thy ſtately *Conſolations* are mine.
Poor Earth! what though thy viler duſt enrouls
The frail Incloſures of theſe mighty Souls?
Their graves are all upon Record; not one
But is as bright, and open as the Sun.
And though ſome part of them obſcurely fell
And periſh'd in an unknown, private Cell:
Yet in their books they found a glorious way
To live unto the Reſurrection-day.
Moſt noble *Bodley*! we are bound to thee
For no ſmall part of our *Eternity*.

Thy

Thy treaſure was not ſpent on *Horſe* and *Hound*,
Nor that new Mode, which doth old *States* con-
Thy legacies another way did go: (found.
Nor were they left to thoſe would ſpend them ſo.
Thy ſafe, diſcreet Expence on us did flow;
Walſam is in the mid'ſt of *Oxford* now.
Th' haſt made us all thine *Heirs*: whatever we
Hereafter write, 'tis thy *Poſterity*.
This is thy *Monument*! here thou ſhalt ſtand
Till the times fail in their laſt grain of Sand.
And whereſoe're thy ſilent *Reliques* keep,
This *Tomb* will never let thine honour ſleep.
Still we ſhall think upon thee; all our fame
Meets here to ſpeak one *Letter* of thy name.
Thou can'ſt not dye! here thou art more than ſafe
Where every *Book* is thy large *Epitaph*.

The importunate Fortune, written to Doctor Powel *of* Cantre.

FOr ſhame deſiſt, why ſhould'ſt thou ſeek my fall?
It cannot make thee more Monarchical.
Leave off; thy Empire is already built;
To ruine me were to inlarge thy guilt,
Not thy Prerogative. I am not he
Muſt be the meaſure to thy victory.
The Fates hatch more for thee; 'twere a diſgrace
If in thy Annals I ſhould make a Clauſe.
The future Ages will diſcloſe ſuch men,
Shall be the glory, and the end of them.
Nor do I flatter. So long as there be
Deſcents in Nature, or Poſterity,

There

There must be Fortunes; whether they be good,
As swimming in thy Tide and plenteous Flood,
Or stuck fast in the shallow Ebb, when we
Miss to deserve thy gorgeous charity.
Thus, Fortune, the great World thy period is;
Nature and you are *Parallels* in this.
But thou wilt urge me still. Away, be gone;
I am resolv'd, I will not be undone.
I scorn thy train and thee: nay more, I do
Despise my self, because thy Subject too.
Name me Heir to thy malice, and I'le be;
Thy hate's the best Inheritance for me.
I care not for your wondrous *Hat* and *Purse*:
Make me a *Fortunatus* with thy Curse.
How careful of my self then should I be,
Were I neglected by the world and thee?
Why do'st thou tempt me with thy dirty Ore,
And with thy Riches make my Soul so poor?
My Fancy's pris'ner to thy Gold and thee,
Thy favours rob me of my liberty.
I'le to my Speculations. Is't best
To be confin'd to some dark narrow chest
And Idolize thy Stamps, when I may be
Lord of all Nature, and not slave to thee?
The world's my Palace. I'le contemplate there,
And make my progress into ev'ry Sphere.
The Chambers of the *Air* are mine; those three
Well furnish'd *Stories* my possession be.
I hold them all *in Capite*, and stand
Propt by my Fancy there. I scorn your Land,
It lies so far below me. Here I see
How all the Sacred Stars do circle me.

Thou

Thou to the *Great* giv'ſt rich Food, and I do
VVant no Content; I feed on *Manna* too.
They have their *Tapers*; I gaze without fear
On flying *Lamps*, and flaming *Comets* here.
Their wanton fleſh in *Silks* and *Purple* Shrouds,
And Fancy wraps me in a *Robe* of *Clouds*.
There ſome delicious beauty they may woo,
And I have *Nature* for my Miſtris too.
But theſe are mean; the *Archtype* I can ſee,
And humbly touch the *hem* of Majeſtie.
The power of my Soul is ſuch, I can
Expire, and ſo *analyſe* all that's man.
Firſt my dull Clay I give unto the *Earth*,
Our common Mother, which gives all their birth.
My growing Faculties I ſend as ſoon
VVhence firſt I took them, to the humid *Moon*.
All Subtilties and every cunning Art
To witty *Mercury* I do impart.
Thoſe fond Affections which made me a ſlave
To handſome Faces, *Venus* thou ſhalt have.
And ſaucy Pride (if there was ought in me)
Sol, I return it to thy Royalty.
My daring Raſhneſs and Preſumptions be
To *Mars* himſelf an equal Legacy.
My ill-plac'd Avarice (ſure 'tis but ſmall;)
Jove, to thy Flames I do bequeath it all.
And my falſe *Magic*, which I did believe,
And myſtic Lyes to *Saturn* I do give.
My dark Imaginations reſt you there,
This is your grave and Superſtitious Sphære.
Get up my diſintangled Soul, thy fire
Is now refin'd & nothing left to tire,

Or clog thy wings. Now my auſpicious flight
Hath brought me to the *Empyrean* light.
I am a ſep'rate *Eſſence*, and can ſee
The *Emanations* of the Deitie,
And how they paſs the *Seraphims*, and runn
Through ev'ry *Throne* and *Domination*.
So ruſhing through the Guard, the Sacred ſtreams
Flow to the neighbour Stars, and in their beams
(A glorious Cataract!) deſcend to Earth
And give Impreſſions unto ev'ry birth.
With Angels now and Spirits I do dwell.
And here it is my Nature to do well,
Thus, though my Body you confined ſee,
My boundleſs thoughts have their *Ubiquitie*.
And ſhall I then forſake the *Stars* and *Signs*
To dote upon thy dark and curſed *Mines*?
Unhappy, ſad exchange! what, muſt I buy
Guiana with the loſs of all the skie?
Intelligences ſhall I leave, and be
Familiar only with mortalitie?
Muſt I know nought, but thy Exchequer? ſhall
My purſe and fancy be Symmetrical?
Are there no Objects left but one? muſt we
In gaining that, loſe our Varietie?
Fortune, this is the reaſon I refuſe
Thy Wealth; it puts my Books all out of uſe.
'Tis poverty that makes me wiſe; my mind
Is big with ſpeculation, when I find
My purſe as *Randolph*'s was, and I confeſs
There is no Bleſſing to an Emptineſs!
The *Species* of all things to me reſort
And dwell then in my breaſt, as in their port.

Then

Then leave to Court me with thy hated ſtore,
Thou giv'ſt me that, to rob my Soul of more.

To I. Morgan *of* White-hall Eſq; *upon his ſudden Journey and ſucceeding Marriage.*

SO from our cold, rude World, which all things
To his warm *Indies* the bright ſun retires. (tires
Where in thoſe provinces of Gold and ſpice
Perfumes his progreſs: *pleaſures* fill his Eyes.
Which ſo refreſh'd in their return convey
Fire into *Rubies*, into *Chryſtalls* day;
And prove, that *Light* in kinder Climates can
Work more on ſenſeleſs *Stones*, than here on *man*.
But you, like one ordain'd to ſhine, take in
Both *Light* and *Heat*: can *Love* and *Wiſdom* ſpin
Into one thred, and with that firmly tye
The ſame bright Bleſſings on poſterity;
Which ſo intail'd, like *Jewels* of the Crown,
Shall with your *Name* deſcend ſtill to your own.
When I am dead, and malice or neglect
The worſt they can upon my duſt reflect,
(For *Poets* yet have left no names, but ſuch
As men have *envied*, or *deſpis'd* too much;)
You above both (and what *ſtate* more excells
Since a juſt Fame like *Health*, nor *wants*, nor *ſwells*?)
To after ages ſhall remain Entire,
And ſhine ſtill ſpottles, like your planets Fire.
No ſingle luſtre neither; the acceſs
Of your fair *Love* will yours adorn and bleſs;
Till from that bright *Conjunction*, men may view
A *Conſtellation* circling her and you:

So two sweet *Rose-buds* from their *Virgin-beds*
First peep and blush, then kiss and couple heads;
Till yearly blessings so increase their store
Those two can number two and twenty more,
And the fair *Bank* (by heav'ns free bounty Crown'd)
With choice of *Sweets* and *Beauties* doth abound;
Till time, which *Familys* like *Flowers* far spreads,
Gives them for *Garlands* to the best of heads.
Then late posterity (if chance, or some
Weak *Eccho*, almost quite expir'd and dumb
Shall tell them, who the *Poet* was, and how (know)
He liv'd and lov'd thee too; which thou do'st
Strait to my grave will *Flowers* and *spices* bring
With *Lights* and *Hymns*, and for an *Offering* (times
There vow this truth; That *Love* (which in old
Was censur'd *blind*, and will contract worse Crimes
If hearts mend not; did for thy sake in me
Find both his *Eyes*, and all foretell and see.

FIDA: *Of The Country-beauty: to* Lysimachus.

NOw I have seen her; And by *Cupid*
The young *Medusa* made me stupid!
A face, that hath no Lovers stain,
Wants forces, and is near disdain.
For every *Fop* will freely peep
At Majesty that is asleep.
But she (fair Tyrant!) hates to be
Gaz'd on with such impunity.
Whose prudent Rigor bravely bears
And scorns the trick of whining tears:

Or

Or sighs, those false All-arms of grief,
Which kill not, but afford relief.
Nor is it thy hard fate to be
Alone in this Calamity,
Since I who came but to be gone,
Am plagu'd for meerly looking on.
Mark from her forhead to her foot
What charming *Sweets* are there to do't.
A *Head* adorn'd with all those glories
That *Witt* hath shadow'd in quaint stories:
Or *pencill* with rich colours drew
In imitation of the true.
Her *Hair* lay'd out in curious *Setts*
And *Twists*, doth shew like silken *Nets*,
Where (since he play'd at *Hitt* or *Miss*:)
The God of *Love* her pris'ner is,
And fluttering with his skittish Wings
Puts all her locks in Curls and Rings.
Like twinkling Stars her *Eyes* invite
All gazers to so sweet a light,
But then two *arched Clouds* of brown
stand o're, and guard them with a frown.
Beneath these rayes of her bright Eyes
Beautie's rich *Bed* of *blushes* lyes.
Blushes, which lightning-like come on,
Yet stay not to be gaz'd upon;
But leave the *Lilies* of her Skin
As fair as ever, and run in;
Like swift *Salutes* (which dull *pains* scorn,)
Twixt a *white* noon, and *Crimson* Morne.
What *Corall* can her *Lips* resemble?
For hers are warm, swell, melt and tremble:

And if you dare contend for *Red*,
This is *alive*, the other *dead*.
Her equal *Teeth* (above, below:)
All of a *Ciſe*, and *Smoothneſs* grow.
Where under cloſe reſtraint and awe
(Which is the Maiden, Tyrant law:)
Like a cag'd, ſullen *Linnet*, dwells.
Her *Tongue*, the *Key* to potent ſpells.
Her *Skin*, like heav'n when calm and bright,
Shews a rich *azure* under *white*,
With *touch* more ſoft than heart ſuppoſes,
And *Breath* as ſweet as new blown *Roſes*.
Betwixt this *Head-land* and the *Main*,
Which is a rich and flowry *Plain*:
Lyes her fair *Neck*, ſo fine and ſlender
That (gently) how you pleaſe, 'twill bend her.
This leads you to her *Heart*, which ta'ne
Pants under *Sheets* of whiteſt *Lawn*,
And at the firſt ſeems much diſtreſt,
But nobly treated, lyes at reſt.
Here like two *Balls* of new fall'n ſnow,
Her *Breaſts*, Loves native *pillows* grow;
And out of each a *Roſe-bud* Peeps
Which *Infant* beauty ſucking, ſleeps.

Say now my *Stoic*, that mak'ſt ſoure faces
At all the *Beauties* and the *Graces*,
That crieſt *unclean!* though known thy ſelf
To ev'ry coorſe, and dirty ſhelfe:
Could'ſt thou but ſee a *piece* like this,
A piece ſo full of *Sweets* and *bliſs*:

In

In *ſhape* ſo rare, in *Soul* ſo rich,
Would'ſt thou not ſwear ſhe is a witch?

Fida forſaken.

FOol that I was! to believe blood
While ſwoll'n with greatneſs, then moſt good;
And the falſe thing, forgetful man:
To truſt more than our true God, *Pan*,
Such ſwellings to a dropſie tend,
And meaneſt things ſuch great ones bend.

Then live deceived! and *Fida* by
That life deſtroy fidelity.
For living wrongs will make ſome wiſe,
While death chokes lowdeſt Injuries:
And skreens the *faulty*, making Blinds
To hide the moſt unworthy minds.

And yet do what thou can'ſt to hide
A bad trees fruit will be deſcrib'd.
For that foul guilt which firſt took place
In his dark heart, now damns his face:
And makes thoſe Eyes, where life ſhould dwell,
Look like the pits of Death and Hell.

Bloud, whoſe rich *purple* ſhews and ſeals
Their faith in *Moors*, in him reveals
A blackneſs at the heart, and is
Turn'd *Inke*, to write his faithleſneſs.
Only his lips with bloud look *red*,
As if aſham'd of what they ſed.

Then, since he wears in a dark skin
The shadows of his hell within,
Expose him no more to the light,
But thine own *Epitaph* thus write.
Here burst, and dead and unregarded
Lyes Fida's *heart! O well rewarded!*

To the Editor of the matchless
Orinda.

LOng since great witts have left the Stage
Unto the *Drollers* of the age,
And noble numbers with good sense
Are like good works, grown an offence.
While much of verse (worse than old story,)
Speaks but *Jack-Pudding*, or *John-Dory*.
Such trash-admirers made us poor,
And *Pyes* turn'd *Poets* out of door.
For the nice Spirit of rich verse
Which scorns absurd and low commerce,
Although a flame from heav'n, if shed
On *Rooks* or *Daws*: warms no such head.
Or else the Poet, like bad priest,
Is seldom good, but when oppress;
And wit, as well as piety
Doth thrive best in adversity;
For since the thunder left our air
Their *Laurels* look not half so fair.
However 'tis 'twere worse than rude
Not to profess our gratitude
And debts to thee, who at so low
An Ebbe do'st make us thus to flow;

And

And when we did a Famine fear,
Haſt bleſt us with a fruitful year.
So while the world his abſence mourns
The glorious Sun at laſt returns,
And with his kind and vital looks
Warms the cold Earth and frozen brooks:
Puts drowſie nature into play
And rids impediments away,
Till Flow'rs and Fruits and ſpices through
Her pregnant lap get up and grow.
But if among thoſe ſweet things, we
A miracle like that could ſee
Which nature brought but once to paſs:
A *Muſe*, ſuch as *Orinda* was,
Phœbus himſelf won by theſe charms
Would give her up into thy arms;
And recondemn'd to kiſs his *Tree*,
Yield the young *Goddeſs* unto thee.

Upon ſudden news of the much lamented death of Judge Trevers.

Learning and *Law* your *Day* is done,
And your *work* too; you may be gone!
Trever, that lov'd you, hence is fled:
And *Right*, which long lay *Sick*, is *dead*.
Trever! whoſe rare and envied *part*
Was both a wiſe and winning heart,
Whoſe ſweet civilitys could move
Tartars and *Goths* to nobleſt love.
Bold *Vice* and *blindneſs* now dare act,
And (like the *gray groat*,) paſs, though crack't;

While those sage lips lye dumb and cold,
VVhose words are well-weigh'd and tried gold.
O how much to discreet desires
Differs pure *Light* from foolish *fires*!
But nasty *Dregs* out last the *Wine*,
And after Sun-set *Glowerms* shine.

To Etesia (*for* Timander,) *the first Sight.*

What smiling *Star* in that fair Night,
Which gave you *Birth* gave me this *Sight*,
And with a kind *Aspect* tho keen
Made me the *Subject*: you the *Queen*?
That sparkling *Planet* is got now
Into your Eyes, and shines below;
Where nearer force, and more acute
It doth dispence, without dispute,
For I who yesterday did know
Loves fire no more, than doth cool Snow
with one bright look am since undone;
Yet must adore and seek my Sun.
Before I walk'd free as the wind,
And if but stay'd (like it,) unkind.
I could like daring Eagles gaze
And not be blinded by a face;
For what I saw, till I saw thee,
Was only not deformity.
Such shapes appear (compar'd with thine,)
In *Arms*, or a tavern-sign,
And do but mind me to explore
A fairer piece, that is in store.

So

So ſome hang *Ivy* to their Wine,
To ſignify, there is a *Vine*.
Thoſe princely Flow'rs (by no ſtorms vex'd,)
Which ſmile one day, and droop the next:
The gallant *Tulip* and the *Roſe*,
Emblems which ſome uſe to diſcloſe
Bodyed *Idea's*: their weak grace
Is meer impoſture to thy face.
For nature in all things, but thee,
Did practiſe only *Sophiſtry*;
Or elſe ſhe made them to expreſs
How ſhe could vary in her dreſs:
But thou wert form'd, that we might ſee
Perfection, not Variety.
Have you obſerv'd how the Day-ſtar
Sparkles and ſmiles and ſhines from far:
Then to the gazer doth convey
A ſilent, but a piercing Ray?
So wounds my love, but that her Eys
Are in *Effects*, the better Skys.
A brisk bright *Agent* from them Streams
Arm'd with no arrows, but their beams,
And with ſuch ſtillneſs ſmites our hearts,
No noiſe betrays him, nor his darts.
He working on my eaſie Soul
Did ſoon perſuade, and then controul;
And now he flyes (and I conſpire)
Through all my blood with wings of fire,
And when I would (which will be never)
With cold deſpair allay the fever:
The ſpiteful thing *Eteſia* names,
And that new-fuells all my flames.

The Character, to Eteſia

GO catch the *Phœnix*, and then bring
A *quill* drawn for me from his wing.
Give me a Maiden-beautie's *Blood*,
A pure, rich *Crimſon*, without mudd:
In whoſe ſweet *Bluſhes* that may live,
Which a dull verſe can never give.
Now for an untouch'd, ſpottles *white*,
For blackeſt things on paper write;
Eteſia at thine own Expence
Give me the *Robes* of innocence.
Could we but ſee a *Spring* to run
Pure *Milk*, as ſometimes Springs have done,
And in the *Snow-white* ſtreams it ſheds
Carnations waſh their *bloudy* heads.
While ev'ry *Eddy* that came down
Did (as thou do'ſt,) both *ſmile* and *frown*.
Such objects and ſo freſh would be
But dull Reſemblances of thee.
Thou art the dark worlds Morning-ſtar,
Seen only, and ſeen but from far;
Where like Aſtronomers we gaze
Upon the glories of thy face,
But no acquaintance more can have,
Though all our lives we watch and Crave.
Thou art a world thy ſelf alone,
Yea three great worlds refin'd to one.
Which ſhews all thoſe, and in thine Eyes
The ſhining *Eaſt*, and *Paradiſe*.
Thy Soul (a *Spark* of the firſt *Fire*,)
Is like the *Sun*, the worlds deſire;

And

And with a nobler influence
Works upon all, that claim to ſenſe;
But in *Summers* hath no *fever*,
And in froſts is chearful ever.
As *Flowr's*, beſides their curious *dreſs*
Rich *odours* have, and *Sweetneſſes*.
Which tacitely infuſe deſire
And ev'n oblige us to admire:
Such and ſo full of innocence
Are all the *Charms*, thou do'ſt diſpence;
And like fair *Nature*, without *Arts*
At once they ſeize, and pleaſe our hearts.
O thou art ſuch, that I could be
A lover to Idolatry!
I could, and ſhould from heav'n ſtray,
But that thy life ſhews mine the way,
And leave a while the *Diety*,
To ſerve his *Image* here in thee.

To Eteſia *looking from her Caſement at the full* Moon.

See you that beauteous *Queen*, which no age tames?
Her Train is *Azure*, ſet with *golden* flames.
My brighter *fair*, fix on the *Eaſt* your Eyes, (riſe.
And view that bed of Clouds, whence ſhe doth
Above all others in that one ſhort hour
Which moſt concernd in, ſhe had greateſt pow'r.
This made my *Fortunes* humorous as wind,
But fix'd *Affections* to my conſtant mind.
She fed me with the *tears* of *Starrs*, and thence
I ſuck'd in *Sorrows* with their *Influence*.

To

To ſome in *ſmiles*, and ſtore of *light* ſhe broke:
To me in ſad *Eclipſes* ſtill ſhe ſpoke.
She bent me with the motion of her *Sphere*,
And made me feel, what firſt I did but fear.
But when I came to Age, and had o'regrown
Her Rules, and ſaw my freedom was my own,
I did reply unto the Laws of Fate,
And made my Reaſon, my great Advocate:
I labour'd to inherit my juſt right;
But then (O hear *Eteſia!*) leſt I might
Redeem my ſelf, my unkind Starry Mother
Took my poor Heart, and gave it to another.

To Eteſia *parted from him, and looking back.*

O Subtile Love! thy Peace is War;
It wounds and kills without a ſcar:
It works unknown to any ſenſe,
Like the Decrees of Providence,
And with ſtrange ſilence ſhoots me through:
The *Fire* of Love doth fall like *Snow*.
Hath ſhe no *Quiver*, but my Heart?
Muſt all her Arrows hit that part?
Beauties like Heav'n, their Gifts ſhould deal
Not to deſtroy us, but to heal.
Strange *Art* of Love! that can make ſound,
And yet exaſperates the wound;
That *look* ſhe lent to eaſe my heart,
Hath pierc't it, and improv'd the ſmart.

In

In Eteſiam lachrymantem.

O Dulcis luctus, riſuque potentior omni!
Quem decorant lachrymis Sydera tanta ſuis.
Quam tacitæ ſpirant auræ! vultuſque nitentes
Contriſtant veneres, collachrymantque ſuæ!
Ornat gutta genas, oculiſque ſimillima gemma:
Et tepido vivas irrigat imbre roſas.
Dicite Chaldæi! *quæ me fortuna fatigat,*
Cum formoſa dies & ſine nube peruit?

To Eteſia *going beyond Sea.*

GO, if you muſt! but ſtay----and know
And mind before you go, my vow.
To ev'ry thing, but *Heav'n* and *you*,
With all my Heart, I bid Adieu!
Now to thoſe happy *Shades* I'le go
Where firſt I ſaw my beauteous Foe.
I'le ſeek each ſilent *path*, where we
Did walk, and where you ſate with me
I'le ſit again, and never reſt
Till I can find ſome *flow'r* you preſt.
That near my dying Heart I'le keep,
And when it wants *Dew*, I will weep:
Sadly I will repeat paſt Joyes,
And Words, which you did ſometimes voice:
I'le liſten to the *Woods*, and hear
The *Echo* anſwer for you there.
But famiſh'd with long abſence I
Like *Infants* left, at laſt ſhall cry,

And

And Tears (as they do *Milk*) will ſup
Until you come, and take me up.

Eteſia *abſent.*

LOve, the Worlds Life! what a ſad death
Thy abſence is? to loſe our breath
At once and dye, is but to live
Inlarg'd, without the ſcant reprieve
Of *Pulſe* and *Air*: whoſe dull *returns*
And narrow *Circles* the Soul mourns.
But to be dead alive, and ſtill
To wiſh, but never have our will:
To be poſſeſs'd, and yet to miſs;
To wed a true but abſent bliſs:
Are lingring tortures, and their ſmart
Diſſects and racks and grinds the Heart!
As Soul and Body in that ſtate
Which unto us ſeems ſeparate,
Cannot be ſaid to live, until
Reunion; which dayes fulfill
And ſlow-pac'd ſeaſons: So in vain
Through hours and minutes (Times long *train*,)
I look for thee, and from thy ſight,
As from my Soul, for life and light.
For till thine Eyes ſhine ſoſon me,
Mine are faſt-clos'd and will not ſee.

Tranſ-

Translations.

Some *Odes* of the Excellent and Knowing *Severinus*, Englished.

Metrum 12. *Lib.* 3.

HAppy is he, that with fix'd Eyes
The Fountain of all goodness spies!
Happy is he, that can break through
Those Bonds, which tie him here below!
The *Thracian* Poet long ago
Kind *Orpheus*, full of tears and wo
Did for his lov'd *Eurydice*
In such sad Numbers mourn, that he
Made the *Trees* run in to his mone,
And *Streams* stand still to hear him grone.
The *Does* came fearless in one throng
With *Lyons* to his mournful Song,
And charm'd by the harmonious sound
The *Hare* stay'd by the quiet *Hound*.
But when *Love* heightned by *despair*
And deep *reflections* on his *Fair*
Had swell'd his Heart, and made it rise
And run in Tears out at his Eyes:
And those sweet *Aires*, which did appease
Wild Beasts, could give their Lord no ease;
Then vex'd, that so much grief and Love
Mov'd not at all the gods above,

With

With desperate thoughts and bold intent,
Towards the *Shades* below he went;
For thither his fair Love was fled,
And he must have her from the dead.
There in such *Lines*, as did well suit
With sad *Aires* and a Lovers *Lute*,
And in the richest Language drest
That could be thought on, or expresst.
Did he complain, whatever *Grief*,
Or *Art*, or *Love* (which is the chief,
And all innobles,) could lay out;
In well-tun'd woes he dealt about.
And humbly bowing to the *Prince*
Of Ghosts, begg'd some Intelligence
Of his *Euridice*, and where
His beauteous *Saint* resided there.
Then to his *Lutes* instructed grones
He sigh'd out new melodious mones;
And in a melting charming *strain*
Begg'd his dear *Love* to life again.
The *Music* flowing through the shade
And darkness, did with ease invade
The silent and attentive Ghosts;
And *Cerberus*, which guards those coasts
With his lowd barkings, overcome
By the sweet *Notes*, was now struck dumb.
The *Furies*, us'd to rave and howl
And prosecute each guilty Soul,
Had lost their rage, and in a deep
Transport did most profusely weep.
Ixion's wheel stopt, and the curst
Tantalus almost kill'd with thirst,

Though

Though the *Streams* now did make no haste,
But waited for him, none would taste.
That *Vultur*, which fed still upon
Tityus his liver, now was gone
To feed on *Air*, and would not stay
Though almost famish'd, with her prey.
Won with these wonders, their fierce Prince
At last cry'd out, *We yield! and since*
Thy merits claim no less, take hence
Thy Consort for thy Recompence.
But, Orpheus, *to this Law we bind*
Our grant, you must not look behind,
Nor of your fair Love have one Sight,
Till out of our Dominions quite.
Alas! what laws can Lovers awe?
Love is it self the greatest Law!
Or who can such hard bondage brook
To be in Love, and not to Look?
Poor *Orpheus* almost in the light
Lost his dear Love for one short sight;
And by those Eyes, which Love did guide,
What he most lov'd unkindly dyed!
This tale of *Orpheus* and his *Love*
Was meant for you, who ever move
Upwards, and tend into that light,
Which is not seen by mortal sight.
For if, while you strive to ascend,
You droop, and towards Earth once bend
Your seduc'd Eyes, down you will fall
Ev'n while you look, and forfeit all.

Metrum 2. Lib. 3.

WHat fix'd *Affections*, and lov'd *Laws*
(which are the hid, magnetic *Cause*;
Wise *Nature* governs with, and by
What fast, inviolable tye
The whole Creation to her ends
For ever provident she bends:
All this I purpose to rehearse
In the sweet *Airs* of solemn Verse.

Although the *Lybian Lyons* should
Be bound with chains of pureſt Gold,
And duely fed, were taught to know
Their keepers voice, and fear his blow:
Yet, if they chance to taste of bloud,
Their rage which slept, stirr'd by that food
In furious rourings will awake,
And fiercely for their freedom make.
No chains, nor bars their fury brooks,
But with inrag'd and bloody looks
They will break through, and dull'd with fear
Their keeper all to pieces tear.

The *Bird*, which on the *Woods* tall boughs
Sings sweetly, if you Cage or house,
And out of kindest care should think
To give her honey with her drink,
And get her store of pleasant meat,
Ev'n such as she delights to Eat:
Yet, if from her close prison she
The *shady-groves* doth chance to see,
Straitway she loaths her pleasant food
And with sad looks longs for the *Wood*.

The

The wood, the wood alone ſhe loves!
And towards it ſhe looks and moves:
And in ſweet *notes* (though diſtant from,)
Sings to her firſt and happy home!

That *Plant*, which of it ſelf doth grow
Upwards, if forc'd, will downwards bow;
But give it freedom, and it will
Get up, and grow erectly ſtill.

The *Sun*, which by his prone deſcent
Seems weſtward in the Evening bent,
Doth nightly by an unſeen way
Haſte to the *Eaſt*, and bring up day.

Thus all things long for their firſt State,
And gladly to't return, though late.
Nor is there here to any thing
A *Courſe* allow'd, but in a *Ring*;
Which, where it firſt *began*, muſt *end*:
And to that *Point* directly tend.

Metrum 6 Lib. 4.

WHo would unclouded ſee the Laws
Of the ſupreme, eternal *Cauſe*,
Let him with careful thoughts and eyes
Obſerve the high and ſpatious Skyes.
There in one league of Love the *Stars*
Keep their old peace, and ſhew our wars.
The *Sun*, though flaming ſtill and hot,
The cold, pale *Moon* annoyeth not.
Arcturus with his *Sons* (though they
See other ſtars go a far way,
And out of ſight,) yet ſtill are found
Near the *North-pole*, their noted bound.

Bright *Hesper* (at set times) delights
To usher in the dusky nights:
And in the *East* again attends
To warn us, when the day ascends,
So alternate *Love* supplys
Eternal Courses still, and vies
Mutual kindness; that no Jars
Nor discord can disturb the Stars.
The same sweet *Concord* here below
Makes the fierce *Elements* to flow
And *Circle* without quarrel still,
Though temper'd diversly; thus will
The *Hot* assist the *Cold*: the *Dry*
Is a friend to *Humidity*.
And by the *Law* of *kindness* they
The like relief to them repay.
The *fire*, which active is and bright,
Tends upward, and from thence gives light.
The *Earth* allows it all that space
And makes choice of the lower place;
For things of weight hast to the Center
A fall to them is no adventure.
From these kind *turns* and *Circulation*
Seasons proceed and *Generation*.
This makes the *Spring* to yield us flow'rs,
And melts the Clouds to gentle show'rs.
The *Summer* thus matures all seeds
And ripens both the Corn and weeds.
This brings on *Autumn*, which recruits
Our old, spent store with new fresh fruits.
And the cold *Winters* blustring Season
Hath snow and storms for the same reason.

This

This *temper* and wiſe *mixture* breed
And bring forth ev'ry living *ſeed.*
And when their *ſtrength* and *ſubſtance* ſpend
(For while they *live*, they drive and tend
Still to a *change*,) it takes them hence
And ſhifts their *dreſs*; and to our ſenſe
Their *Courſe* is over, as their *birth:*
And hid from us, they turn to Earth.
But all this while the *Prince* of life
Sits without *loſs*, or *change*, or *ſtrife*:
Holding the *Rains*, by which all move;
(And thoſe his *wiſdom*, *power*, *Love*
And *Juſtice* are;) And ſtill what he
The *firſt life* bids, that needs muſt be,
And live on for a time; that done
He calls it back, meerly to ſhun
The miſchief, which his *creature* might
Run into by a further flight.
For if this dear and tender ſenſe
Of his preventing providence
Did not reſtrain and call things back:
Both heav'n and earth would go to wrack.
And from their great *preſerver* part,
As *blood* let out forſakes the *Heart*
And periſheth; but what returns
With freſh and Brighter ſpirits burns.
This is the *Cauſe* why ev'ry living
Creature affects an *endleſs being.*
A *grain* of this bright *lave* each thing
Had giv'n at firſt by their great King;
And ſtill they creep (drawn on by this;)
And look back towards their *firſt bliſs.*

For otherwiſe, it is moſt ſure,
Nothing that liveth could *endure*:
Unleſs it's Love turn'd retrograde
Sought that *firſt life*, which all things made.

Metrum 3. Lib. 4.

IF old tradition hath not fail'd,
Ulyſſes, when from *Troy* he ſail'd,
Was by a tempeſt forc'd to land
Where beauteous *Circe* did command.
Circe, the daughter of the Sun,
Which had with *Charms* and *Herbs* undone
Many poor ſtrangers, and could then
Turn into Beaſts, the braveſt Men.
Such *Magic* in her potions lay
That whoſoever paſt that way
And drank, his ſhape was quickly loſt;
Some into *Swine* ſhe turn'd, but moſt
To *Lyons* arm'd with teeth and claws;
Others like *Wolves*, with open Jaws
Did howl; But ſome (more ſavage) took
The *Tiger's* dreadful ſhape and look.
But wiſe *Ulyſſes* by the *Aid*
Of *Hermes*, had to him convey'd
A *Flow'r*, whoſe virtue did ſuppreſs
The force of charms, and their ſucceſs.
While his *Mates* drank ſo deep, that they
Were turn'd to *Swine*, which fed all day
On *Maſt*, and humane food had left;
Of ſhape and voice at once bereft.
Only the *Mind* (above all charms,)
Unchang'd, did mourn thoſe monſtrous harms.

O

O worthless *herbs*, and weaker *Arts*
To change their *Limbs*, but not their *Hearts*!
Mans *life and vigor* keep within,
Lodg'd in the *Center*, not the *Skin*.
Those piercing charms and poysons, which
His *inward parts* taint and bewitch,
More fatal are, than such, which can
Outwardly only spoile the man.
Those change his *shape* and make it foul;
But these deform and kill his soul.

Metrum 6. Lib. 3.

ALL *sorts* of men, that live on Earth,
Have one *beginning* and one *birth*,
For all things there is one *Father*,
Who *lays out* all, and all doth *gather*.
He the warm Sun with rays adorns,
And fils with brightness the Moon's horns.
The azur'd heav'ns with stars he burnish'd
And the round world with creatures furnish'd,
But *Men* (made to inherit all,)
His *own Sons* he was pleas'd to call,
And that they might be so indeed,
He gave them *Souls* of divine seed,
A noble *Offspring* surely then
Without distinction, are all men.
O why so vainly do some boast
Their *Birth* and *Blood*, and a great *Host*
Of Ancestors, whose *Coats* and *Crests*
Are some rav'nous *Birds* or *Beasts*!
If *Extraction* they look for
And *God*, the great *Progenitor*:

No man, though of the meaneſt ſtate
Is *baſe*, or can *degenerate*;
Unleſs to *Vice* and *lewdneſs* bent
He leaves and *taints* his true *deſcent*.

The old man of Verona *out of* Claudian.

Felix, qui propriis ævum tranſegit in arvis,
Una domus pueris &c.

MOſt happy man! who in his own ſweet *fields*
Spent all his time, to whom one *Cottage* yields
In *age* and *youth* a lodging: who grown *old*
Walks with his *ſtaff* on the ſame *ſoil* and *mold*
Where he did creep an *infant*, and can tell
Many fair years ſpent in one quiet *Cell*!
No *toils* of fate made him from home far known,
Nor foreign *waters* drank, driv'n from his own.
No loſs by *Sea*, no wild *lands* waſtful war
Vex'd him; not the brib'd *Coil* of *grooms* at bar,
Exempt from *cares*, in *Cities* never ſeen
The freſh *field-air* he loves, and rural *green*.
The years ſet *turns* by *fruits*, not *Conſuls* knows;
Autumn by apples: *May* by bloſſom'd boughs.
Within one hedg his *Sun* doth ſet and riſe, (priſe,
The world's wide day his ſhort Demeaſnes com-
Where he obſerves ſome known, concreſcent *twig*
Now grown an *Oak*, and old, like him, and big.
Verona he doth for the *Indies* take,
And as the *red Sea* counts *Benacus* lake.
Yet are his *limbs* and *ſtrength* untir'd, and he
A lufty *Grandſire* three *deſcents* doth ſee.

Travel

Travel and ſail who will, ſearch ſea, or ſhore;
This man hath *liv'd*, and that hath *wander'd* more.

The Sphere of Archimedes *out of* Claudian.

Jupiter *in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro*
Riſit, & ad ſuperos &c.

WHen *Jove* a heav'n of ſmall glaſs did behold,
He ſmil'd, and to the Gods theſe words he told.
Comes then the power of mans *Art* to this?
In a frail *Orbe* my work new acted is.
The *poles* decrees, the *fate* of things: *God*'s laws
Down by his *Art* old *Archimedes* draws.
Spirits inclos'd the ſev'ral *Stars* attend,
And orderly the *living work* they bend.
A feigned *Zodiac* meaſures out the year,
Ev'ry new *month* a falſe *Moon* doth appear.
And now bold *induſtry* is proud, it can
Wheel round its *world*, and rule the *Stars* by man.
Why at *Salmoneus* thunder do I ſtand?
Nature is rivall'd by a *ſingle hand.*

The Phœnix *out of* Claudian.

Oceani ſummo circumfluus æquore lucus
Trans Indos, Eurumque viret &c,

A grove there grows round with the *Sea* confin'd
Beyond the *Indies*, and the *Eaſtern* wind.
Which, as the *Sun* breaks forth in his firſt beam,
Salutes his *ſteeds*, and hears him whip his *team.*

When

When with his dewy *Coach* the *Eastern* Bay
Crackles, whence blusheth the approaching day;
And blasted with his burnish'd *wheels*, the night
In a pale dress doth vanish from the light.
This the blest *Phœnix* Empire is, here he
Alone exempted from mortality,
Enjoys a land, where no diseases raign;
And ne'r afflicted, like our world, with pain.
A *Bird* most equal to the Gods, which vies
For length of life and durance, with the skyes;
And with renewed limbs tires ev'ry age,
His appetite he never doth asswage
With common food. Nor doth he use to drink
When thirsty, on some *River*'s muddy brink.
A purer, vital *heat* shot from the Sun
Doth nourish him, and *airy sweets* that come
From *Tethis* lap, he tasteth at his need;
On such *abstracted Diet* doth he feed.
A secret *Light* there streams from both his Eyes
A firy *hue* about his *cheeks* doth rise.
His *Crest* grows up into a glorious *Star*
Giv'n t' adorn his head, and shines so far.
That piercing through the bosom of the night
It rends the darkness with a gladsome light.
His thighs like *Tyrian* scarlet, and his wings
(More swift than *Winds* are,) have skie-colour'd
Flowry and rich: and round about inroll'd (*rings*
Their utmost *borders* glister all with gold.
Hee's not conceiv'd, nor springs he from the Earth,
But is himself the *Parent*, and the *birth*.
None him begets; his fruitful death reprieves
Old age, and by his funerals he lives.

For

For when the tedious *Summer*'s gone about
A thouſand times: ſo many *Winters* out,
So many *Springs*: and *May* doth ſtill reſtore
Thoſe leaves, which *Autumn* had blown off before;
Then preſt with years his vigour doth decline
Foil'd with the number; as a ſtately *Pine*
Tir'd out with ſtorms, bends from the top & height
Of *Cauſacus*, and falls with its own weight:
Whoſe part is torn with dayly *blaſts*, with *Rain*
Part is conſum'd, and part with *Age* again.
So now his Eyes grown dusky, fail to ſee
Far off, and drops of colder rheums there be
Fall'n ſlow and dreggy from them; ſuch in ſight
The cloudy *Moon* is, having ſpent her light.
And now his *wings*, which uſed to contend
With *Tempeſts*, ſcarce from the low Earth aſcend.
He knows his time is out! and doth provide
New principles of life; herbs he brings dried
From the hot hills, and with rich ſpices frames
A *Pile* ſhall burn, and *Hatch* him with its flames.
On this the *weakling* ſits; ſalutes the Sun
With pleaſant noiſe, and prays and begs for ſome
Of his own fire, that quickly may reſtore
The youth and vigour, which he had before.
Whom ſoon as *Phœbus* ſpyes, ſtopping his rayns,
He makes a ſtand and thus allayes his pains.
O thou that burieſt old age in thy grave,
And art by ſeeming funerals to have
A new return of life! whoſe cuſtom 'tis
To riſe by ruin, and by death to miſs.
Ev'n death it ſelf: a new beginning take,
And that thy wither'd body now forſake!

Better

Better thy ſelf by this thy change! This ſed,
He ſhakes his *locks*, and from his golden *head*
Shoots one bright *beam*, which ſmites with vital fire
The willing bird; to burn is his deſire,
That he may live again: he's proud in death,
And goes in haſte to gain a better breath.
The ſpicie heap fird with cœleſtial rays
Doth burn the aged *Phœnix*, when ſtrait ſtays
The Chariot of th' amazed *Moon*; the *pole*
Reſiſts the wheeling, ſwift *Orbs*, and the whole
Fabric of *Nature* at a ſtand remains,
Till the old bird a new, young being gains.
All ſtop and charge the faithful flames, that they
Suffer not nature's glory to decay.

By this time, *life* which in the aſhes lurks
Hath fram'd the *Heart*, and taught new *blood* new
The whole *heap* ſtirs, and ev'ry *part* aſſumes (*works*;
Due vigour; th' *Embers* too are turn'd to *plumes*.
The parent in the Iſſue now revives,
But young and brisk; the bounds of both theſe lives
With very little ſpace between the ſame,
Were parted only by the middle flame.

To *Nilus* ſtrait he goes to conſecrate
His parents ghoſte; his mind is to tranſlate
His duſt to *Egypt*. Now he haſtes away
Into a diſtant land, and doth convey
The aſhes in a turf. Birds do attend
His Journey without number, and defend
His pious flight like to a guard; the sky
Is clouded with the Army, as they fly.
Nor is there one of all thoſe thouſands dares
Affront his leader: they with ſolomn cares

Attend

Attend the progreſs of their youthful king;
Not the rude hawk, nor th' Eagle that doth bring
Arms up to *Jove*, fight now; leſt they diſpleaſe;
The miracle enacts a common peace.
So doth the *Parthian* lead from *Tigris* ſide
His barbarous troops, full of a laviſh pride
In pearls and habit, he adorns his head
With royal tires: his ſteed with gold is lead.
His robes, for which the ſcarlet fiſh is ſought,
With rare *Aſſyrian* needle work are wrought.
And proudly reigning o're his raſcal bands,
He raves and triumphs in his large Commands.

A City of *Egypt* famous in all lands
For rites, adores the *Sun*, his temple ſtands
There on a hundred pillars by account
Dig'd from the quarries of the *Theban* mount.
Here, as the Cuſtom did require (they ſay,)
His happy parents duſt down he doth lay;
Then to the Image of his *Lord* he bends
And to the flames his burden ſtrait commends.
Unto the *Altars* thus he deſtinates
His own Remains: the light doth gild the gates;
Perfumes divine the *Cenſers* up do ſend:
While th' *Indian* odour doth it ſelf extend
To the *Peluſian* fens, and filleth all
The men it meets with the ſweet ſtorm. A gale
To which compar'd, *Nectar* it ſelf is vile:
Fills the ſeav'n channels of the miſty *Nile*.

O happy bird! ſole heir to thy own duſt!
Death, to whoſe force all other Creatures muſt
Submit, ſaves thee. Thy aſhes make thee riſe;
'Tis not thy nature, but thy age that dies.

Thou

Thou haſt ſeen All! and to the times that run
Thou art as great a witneſs, as the Sun.
Thou ſaw'ſt the *deluge*, when the ſea outvied
The land, and drown'd the mountains with the tide.
What year the ſtragling *Phaeton* did fire (ſpire
The world, thou know'ſt. And no plagues can con-
Againſt thy life; alone thou do'ſt ariſe
Above mortality; the Deſtinies
Spin not thy days out with their fatal Clue;
They have no Law, to which thy life is due.

Pious thoughts and Ejaculations.

To his Books.

BRight books! the *perſpectives* to our weak ſights:
The clear *projections* of diſcerning lights.
Burning and ſhining *Thoughts*, man's poſthume *day*;
The *track* of fled ſouls, and their *Milkie-way*.
The dead *alive* and *buſie*, the ſtill *voice*
Of inlarg'd Spirits, kind heav'ns white *Decoys*.
Who lives with you, lives like thoſe knowing *flow'rs*,
Which in commerce with *light*, ſpend all their hours
Which ſhut to *Clouds*, and *ſhadows* nicely ſhun;
But with glad haſte unveil to *kiſs* the Sun.
Beneath you all is dark and a dead night;
Which whoſo lives in, wants both health and ſight.

By

By ſucking you, the wiſe (like *Bees*) do grow
Healing and rich, though this they do moſt ſlow:
Becauſe moſt choicely, for as great a ſtore
Have we of *Books*, as Bees of *herbs*, or more.
And the great task to *try*, then know the good:
To diſcern *weeds*, and Judge of wholſome *Food*.
Is a rare, ſcant performance; for *Man* dyes
Oft e're 'tis done, while the *bee* feeds and flyes.
But you were all choice *Flow'rs*, all ſet and dreſt
By old, ſage *floriſts*, who well knew the beſt.
And I amidſt you all am turn'd a *weed*!
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
Then thank thy ſelf *wild fool*, that would'ſt not be
Content to know—— what was to much for thee!

Looking back.

FAir, ſhining *Mountains* of my pilgrimage,
And flow'ry *Vales*, whoſe flow'rs were ſtars:
The *days* and *nights* of my firſt, happy age;
An age without diſtaſt and warrs:
When I by thoughts aſcend your *Sunny heads*,
And mind thoſe ſacred, *midnight* Lights:
By which I walk'd, when curtain'd Rooms and Beds
Confin'd, or ſeal'd up others ſights:

O then how bright
And quick a light
Doth bruſh my heart and ſcatter night;
Chaſing that ſhade
Which my ſins made,
While I ſo *ſpring*, as if I could not *fade*!

How

How brave a prospect is a ~~bright *Back-side*~~ spacious place!
Where flow'rs and palms refresh the Eye:
And days well spent like the glad *East* ~~abide~~ [illegible],
Whose morning-glories cannot dye!

The Shower.

WAters above! eternal Springs!
The dew, that silvers the *Doves* wings!
O welcom, welcom to the sad:
Give dry dust drink; drink that makes glad!
Many fair *Ev'nings*, many *Flowr's*
Sweeten'd with rich and gentle showers
Have I enjoy'd, and down have run
Many a fine and shining *Sun*;
But never till this happy hour
Was blest with such an *Evening-shower*!

Discipline.

FAir prince of life, lights living well!
Who hast the keys of death and hell!
If the mule man despise thy day,
Put chains of darkness in his way.
Teach him how deep, how various are
The Councels of thy love and care.
When Acts of grace and a long peace
Breed but rebellion and displease;
Then give him his own way and will,
Where lawless he may run until
His own choice hurts him, and the sting
Of his foul sins full sorrows bring.
If Heav'n and Angels, hopes and mirth
Please not the *mole* so much as Earth:

Give

Give him his *Mine* to dig, or dwell;
And one ſad *Scheme* of hideous hell.

The Eccliplſe.

WHither, O whither did'ſt thou fly
When I did grieve thine holy Eye?
When thou did'ſt mourn to ſee me loſt,
And all thy Care and Councels croſt.
O do not grieve where e'er thou art!
Thy grief is an undoing ſmart.
Which doth not only pain, but break
My heart,, and makes me bluſh to ſpeak.
Thy anger I could kiſs, and will:
But (O!) thy grief, thy grief doth kill.

Affliction.

OCome, and welcom! Come, refine;
For *Moors* if waſh'd by thee, will ſhine.
Man *bloſſoms* at thy touch; and he
When thou draw'ſt blood, is thy *Roſe-tree.*
Croſſes make ſtrait his *crooked* ways,
And *Clouds* but cool his *dog-ſtar* days.
Diſeaſes too, when by thee bleſt,
Are both *reſtoratives* and *reſt.*
Flow'rs that in *Sun-ſhines* riot ſtill,
Dye ſcorch'd and ſapleſs; though *ſtorms* kill.
The fall is fair ev'n to deſire,
Where in their *ſweetneſs* all expire.
O come, pour on! what *calms* can be
So fair as *ſtorms*, that appeaſe thee?

Retirement.

FReſh *fields* and *woods*! the Earth's fair *face*,
God's *foot-ſtool*, and mans *dwelling-place*.
I ask not why the firſt *Believer*
Did love to be a Country liver?
Who to ſecure pious content
Did pitch by *groves* and *wells* his tent;
Where he might view the boundleſs *skie*,
And all thoſe glorious *lights* on high:
With flying *meteors*, *miſts* and *ſhow'rs*,
Subjected *hills*, *trees*, *meads* and *Flow'rs*:
And ev'ry minute bleſs the King
And wiſe Creatour of each thing.
I ask not why he did remove
To happy *Mamre*'s holy grove,
Leaving the *Citie*'s of the plain
To *Lot* and his ſucceſsleſs train?
All various Luſts in *Cities* ſtill
Are found; they are the *Thrones* of Ill.
The diſmal *Sinks*, where blood is ſpill'd,
Cages with much uncleanneſs fill'd.
But *rural ſhades* are the ſweet ſenſe
Of piety and innocence.
They are the *Meek*'s calm region, where
Angels deſcend, and rule the ſphere:
Where heav'n lyes *Leiguer*, and the *Dove*
Duely as *Dew*, comes from above.
If *Eden* be on Earth at all,
'Tis that, which we the *Country* call.

The

The Revival.

UNfold, unfold! take in his light,
Who makes thy Cares more ſhort than night.
The Joys, which with his *Day-ſtar* riſe,
He deals to all, but drowſy Eyes:
And what the men of this world miſs,
Some *drops* and *dews* of future bliſs.
Hark! how his *winds* have chang'd their *note*,
And with warm *whiſpers* call thee out.
The *froſts* are paſt, the *ſtorms* are gone:
And backward *life* at laſt comes on.
The lofty *groves* in expreſs Joyes
Reply unto the *Turtles* voice,
And here in *duſt* and *dirt*, O here
The *Lilies* of his love appear!

The Day-ſpring.

EArly, while yet the *dark* was gay,
And *gilt* with ſtars, more trim than day:
Heav'ns *Lily*, and the Earth's chaſt *Roſe*: } S. *Mark*
The green, immortal BRANCH aroſe; } c. 1. v. 35.
And in a ſolitary place
Bow'd to his father his bleſſ'd face.
If this calm ſeaſon pleas'd my *Prince*,
Whoſe *fullneſs* no need could evince,
Why ſhould not I poor, ſilly ſheep
His *hours*, as well as *practice* keep?
Not that his hand is tyed to theſe,
From whom *time* holds his tranſient *Leaſe*:

But *mornings*, new Creations are,
When men all night ſav'd by his Care,
Are ſtill reviv'd; and well he may
Expect them grateful with the day.
So for that firſt *draught* of his hand,
Which finiſh'd heav'n and ſea and land,
The *Sons* of God their thanks did bring, } Job. c. 38. v. 7.
And all the *Morning-ſtars* did ſing.
Beſides, as his part heretofore
The *firſtlings* were of all, that bore:
So now each day from all he ſaves,
Their Soul's *firſt thoughts* and fruits he craves.
This makes him daily ſhed and ſhower
His graces at this early hour;
Which both his Care and Kindneſs ſhow,
Chearing the good: quickning the ſlow.
As holy friends mourn at delay,
And think each minute an hour's ſtay:
So his divine and loving *Dove*
With longing throws doth heave and move,
And ſoare about us, while we ſleep:
Sometimes quite through that *lock* doth peep,
And ſhine; but always without fail
Before the ſlow Sun can unveile,
In new *Compaſſions* breaks like light,
And *Morning-looks*, which ſcatter night.
And wilt thou let thy *creature* be
When *thou* haſt watch'd, aſleep to thee?
Why to unwellcome, loath'd ſurpriſes
Do'ſt leave him, having left his vices?
Since theſe, if ſuffer'd, may again
Lead back the *living*, to the *ſlain*.

O change this *Scourge*! or, if as yet
None less will my transgressions fit:
Dissolve, dissolve! death cannot do
What I would not submit unto.

The Recovery.

FAir *Vessell* of our daily light, whose proud
And previous *glories* gild that blushing Cloud:
Whose lively *fires* in swift projections glance
From hill to hill, and by refracted chance
Burnish some neighbour-*rock*, or tree, and then
Fly off in coy and winged *flams* agen:
If thou this day
Hold on thy way,
Know, I have got a greater *light* than thine;
A light, whose *shade* and *back-parts* make thee shine.
Then get thee down: then get thee down;
I have a *Sun* now of my own.

II.

Those nicer livers, who without thy Rays
Stirr not abroad, those may thy lustre praise: (know!)
And wanting light (*light*, which no *wants* doth
To thee (weak *shiner*!) like blind *Persians* bow;
But where that *Sun*, which tramples on thy head,
From his own bright, eternal *Eye* doth shed
One living *Ray*,
There thy dead day
Is needless, and man to a *light* made free,
Which shews what thou can'st neither shew, nor see.

Then get thee down, Then get thee down;
I have a *Sun* now of my own.

The Nativity.

Written in the year 1656.

PEace? and to all the world? ſure, one
And he the prince of peace, hath none.
He travels to be born, and then
Is born to travel more agen.
Poor *Galile*! thou can'ſt not be
The place for his Nativity.
His reſtleſs mother's call'd away,
And not deliver'd, till ſhe pay.
A *Tax*? 'tis ſo ſtill! we can ſee
The Church thrive in her miſery;
And like her head at *Bethlem*, riſe
When ſhe oppreſt with troubles, lyes.
Riſe? ſhould all fall, we cannot be
In more extremities than he.
Great *Type* of paſſions! come what will,
Thy grief exceeds all *copies* ſtill.
Thou cam'ſt from heav'n to earth, that we
Might go from Earth to Heav'n with thee.
And though thou found'ſt no welcom here,
Thou did'ſt provide us *manſions* there.
A *ſtable* was thy *Court*, and when
Men turn'd to *beaſts*; Beaſts would be *Men*.
They were thy *Courtiers*, others none;
And their poor *Manger* was thy *Throne*.
No ſwadling *ſilks* thy Limbs did fold,
Though thou could'ſt turn thy Rags to gold.

No

No *Rockers* waited on thy birth,
No *Cradles* ſtirr'd: nor ſongs of mirth;
But her chaſt *Lap* and ſacred *Breſt*
Which lodg'd thee firſt, did give thee *reſt*.
But ſtay: what light is that doth ſtream,
And drop here in a gilded beam?
It is thy Star runs *page*, and brings
Thy tributary *Eaſtern* Kings.
Lord! grant ſome *Light* to us, that we
May with them find the way to thee.
Behold what miſts eclipſe the day:
How dark it is! ſhed down one *Ray*
To guide us out of this ſad night,
And ſay once more, *Let there be Light*.

The true Chriſtmas.

SO ſtick up *Ivie* and the *Bays*,
And then reſtore the *heathen* ways.
Green will remind you of the ſpring,
Though this great day denies the thing.
And mortifies the Earth and all
But your wild *Revels*, and looſe *Hall*.
Could you wear *Flow'rs*, and *Roſes* ſtrow
Bluſhing upon your breaſts *warm Snow*,
That very *dreſs* your lightneſs will
Rebuke, and wither at the Ill.
The brightneſs of this day we owe
Not unto *Muſic*, *Maſque* nor *Showe*:
Nor gallant *furniture*, nor *Plate*;
But to the *Manger's* mean Eſtate.
His *life* while here, as well as *birth*,
Was but a cheek to *pomp* and *mirth*;

And all mans *greatneſs* you may ſee
Condemn'd by his *humility*.
Then leave your open *houſe* and *noiſe*,
To welcom him with *holy Joys*,
And the poor *Shepherd's* watchfulneſs:
Whom *light* and *hymns* from Heav'n did bleſs.
What you *abound* with, caſt abroad
To thoſe that *want*, and eaſe your loade.
Who empties thus, will bring more in;
But riot is both *loſs* and *Sin*.
Dreſs finely what comes not in ſight,
And then you keep your *Chriſtmas* right.

The Requeſt.

O Thou! who did'ſt deny to me
This world's ador'd felicity,
And ev'ry big, imperious luſt,
Which fools admire in ſinful Duſt;
With thoſe fine, ſubtile *twiſts*, that tye
Their *bundles* of foul gallantry:
Keep ſtill my weak Eyes from the *ſhine*
Of thoſe gay things, which are not thine,
And ſhut my Ears againſt the noiſe
Of wicked, though applauded *Joys*.
For thou in any land haſt ſtore
Of ſhades and Coverts for thy poor,
Where from the buſie duſt and heat,
As well as ſtorms, they may retreat.
A Rock, or Buſh are downy beds,
When thou art there crowning their heads
With ſecret bleſſings: or a *Tire*
Made of the *Comforter's* live-fire.

And

And when thy goodneſs in the dreſs
Of anger, will not ſeem to bleſs:
Yet do'ſt thou give them that rich *Rain*,
Which as it drops, clears all again.
O what kind *Viſits* daily paſs
Twixt thy great ſelf and ſuch poor *graſs*,
With what ſweet looks doth thy love ſhine
On thoſe low *Violets* of thine!
While the tall *Tulip* is accurſt,
And *Crowns Imperial* dye with thirſt.
O give me ſtill thoſe ſecret meals,
Thoſe rare *Repaſts*, which thy love deals!
Give me that Joy, which none can grieve,
And which in all griefs doth relieve.
This is the portion thy Child begs,
Not that of ruſt, and rags and dregs.

Jordanis

QUid celebras auratam undam, Et combuſta pyropis
Flumina, vel Medio quæ ſcrit æthra ſalo?
Æternùm refluis ſi pernoctaret in undis
Phœbus, *& incertam ſydera ſuda* Tethyn
Si colerent, tantæ gemmæ! nil cærula librem:
Sorderet rubro in littore dives Eos.
Pactoli *mea lympha macras ditabit arenas,*
Atq; Univerſum gutta minuta Tagum.
O charum caput! O cincinnos unda beatos
Libata! O domini balnea Sancta mei!
Quod fortunatum voluit ſpectare Canalem,
Hoc erat in laudes area parva tuas.
Jordanis *in medio perfuſus flumine lavit,*
Divinoq; tuas ore beavit aquas.

Ah!

Ah ! Solyma *infœlix rivis obſeſſa prophanis !*
Amiſit Genium porta Bethesda *ſuum.*
Hic Orientis *aquæ currunt, & apoſtata* Parphar,
Atq; Abana *immundo turbidus amne fluit.*
Ethnica te totam cum fœdavere fluenta,
Manſit Chriſticolâ Jordanis *unus aqua.*

Servilii Fatum, *ſive* Vindicta divina.

ET ſic in cythara, *ſic in* dulcedine *vitæ*
Et facti & luctus regnat amarities.
Quàm ſubitò in faſtum *extenſos atq;* effera *vultus*
Ultrici *oppreſſit* vilis *arena ſinu !*
Si violæ, ſpiranſque crocus : ſi lilium αειvον
Non niſi Juſtorum naſcitur è cinere :
Spinarum, tribuliq;, atq; infœlicis avenæ
Quantus in hoc tumulo & qualis acervus erit?
Dii ſuperi ! damnoſa piis ſub ſydera longum
Manſuris ſtabilem conciliate fidem !
Sic olim in cœlum poſt nimbos clariùs ibunt,
Supremo occidui tot velut aſtra die.
Quippe ruunt horæ, qualisq; in Corpore vixit,
Talis it in tenebras bis moriturus homo.

De Salmone.

Ad virum optimum, & ſibi familiariùs notum: D. *Thomam Poellum* Cantrevenſem: S. S. Theologiæ Doctorem.

ACcipe prærapido Salmonem in gurgite captum,
Ex imo in ſummas cum penetraſſet aquas.

Mentitæ

Mentitæ culicis quem forma eluſit inanis :
Picta coloratis plumea muſca notis.
Dum captat, capitur ; vorat inſcius, ipſe vorandus ;
Fitq; cibi raptor grata rapina mali.
Alma quies ! miſeræ merces ditiſſima vitæ,
Quàm tutò in tacitis hic latuiſſet aquis !
Qui dum ſpumoſi fremitus & murmura rivi
Quæritat, hamato fit cita præda cibo.
Quam grave magnarum ſpecimen dant ludicra rerum ?
Gurges eſt mundus : Salmo, homo : pluma, dolus.

The World.

CAn any tell me what it is? can you,
That wind your thoughts into a *Clue*
To guide out others, while your ſelves ſtay in,
And hug the Sin?
I, who ſo long have in it liv'd,
That if I might,
In truth I would not be repriev'd:
Have neither ſight,
Nor ſenſe that knows
Theſe *Ebbs* and *Flows*.
But ſince of all, all may be ſaid,
And *likelines* doth but upbraid.
And mock the *Truth*, which ſtill is loſt
In fine *Conceits*, like ſtreams in a ſharp froſt:
I will not ſtrive, nor the *Rule* break
Which doth give Looſers leave to ſpeak.
Then falſe and foul World, and unknown
Ev'n to thy own:
Here I renounce thee, and reſign
Whatever thou can'ſt ſay, is thine.

Thou

Thou art not *Truth*; for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lyes.
Thou art not *friendſhip*; for in thee
'Tis but the *bait* of policy.
Which, like a *Viper* lodg'd in *Flow'rs*,
Its venom through that ſweetneſs pours.
And when not ſo, then always 'tis
A fadeing *paint*; the ſhort-liv'd bliſs
Of *air* and *Humour*: out and in
Like *Colours* in a *Dolphin*'s skin.
But muſt not live beyond *one day*,
Or *Convenience*; then away.
Thou art not *Riches*; for that *Traſh*
Which one age hoords, the next doth waſh
And ſo ſeverely ſweep away;
That few remember, where it lay.
So rapid *ſtreams* the wealthy *land*
About them, have at their command:
And ſhifting *channels* here reſtore,
There break down, what they bank'd before.
Thou art not *Honour*; for thoſe gay
Feathers will wear, and drop away;
And princes to ſome upſtart *line*
Give new ones, that are full as fine.
Thou art not *pleaſure*; for thy *Roſe*
Upon a *thorn* doth ſtill repoſe;
Which if not cropt, will quickly ſhed;
But ſoon as cropt, grows dull and dead.
Thou art the *ſand*, which fills one *glaſs*,
And then doth to another paſs;
And could I put thee to a ſtay,
Thou art but *duſt*! then go thy way,

And

And leave me *clean* and bright, though *poor*;
Who ſtops thee, doth but *dawb* his floor,
And *Swallow*-like, when he hath done,
To *unknown dwellings* muſt be gone!
Welcom pure thoughts and peaceful hours
Inrich'd with *Sunſhine* and with *ſhow'rs*;
Welcom fair hopes and holy Cares,
The not to be repented *ſhares*
Of time and buſineſs: the ſure *rode*
Unto my laſt and lov'd *Abode*!
O ſupreme *Bliß*!
The Circle, Center and Abyſs
Of bleſſings, never let me miſs
Nor leave that *Path*, which leads to thee:
Who art alone all things to me!
I hear, I ſee all the long day
The noiſe and pomp of the *broad way*;
I note their Courſe and proud approaches:
Their ſilks, perfumes and glittering Coaches.
But in the *narrow way* to thee
I obſerve only poverty.
And deſpis'd things: and all along
The ragged, mean and humble throng
Are ſtill on foot, and as they go,
They ſigh and ſay; *Their Lord went ſo*!
Give me my *ſtaff* then, as it ſtood
When green and growing in the Wood.
(Thoſe *ſtones*, which for the *Altar* ſerv'd,
Might not be ſmooth'd, nor finely carv'd:)
With this *poor ſtick* I'le paſs the *Foord*
As *Jacob* did; and thy dear *word*.

As thou haſt dreſs'd it: not as *Wit*
And *deprav'd taſtes* have poyſon'd it:
Shall in the paſſage be my meat,
And none elſe will thy Servant eat.
Thus, thus and in no other ſort
Will I ſet forth, though laugh'd at for't;
And leaving the wiſe *World* their way,
Go through; though Judg'd to go aſtray.

The Bee.

FRom fruitful *beds* and flowry *borders*
Parcell'd to waſtful Ranks and Orders.
Where *ſtate* graſps more than plain *Truth* needs
And wholeſome *Herbs* are ſtarv'd by *Weeds*:
To the wild Woods I will be gone,
And the courſe Meals of great *Saint John*.
When truth and piety are miſt
Both in the Rulers and the Prieſt;
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the Poor like bread;
While factious heads with open Coile
And force firſt make, then ſhare the ſpoile:
To *Horeb* then *Elias* goes,
And in the *Deſart* grows the *Roſe*.
Hail Chriſtal Fountains and freſh ſhades,
Where no proud look invades.
No buſie worldling hunts away
The ſad Retirer all the day:
Haile happy harmleſs ſolitude,
Our Sanctuary from the rude
And ſcornful world: the calm receſs
Of faith, and hope and holineſs!

Here

Here ſomething ſtill like *Eden* looks,
Hony in Woods, *Julips* in Brooks:
And *Flow'rs*, whoſe rich, unrifled *Sweets*
With a chaſt kiſs the cool dew greets.
When the toyls of the Day are done
And the tir'd world ſets with the Sun,
Here *flying* winds and *flowing* Wells
Are the wiſe, watchful Hermits *Bells*;
Their buiſie *murmurs* all the night
To *praiſe* or *prayer* do invite,
And with an awful ſound arreſt
And piouſly employ his breaſt.

When in the *Eaſt* the Dawn doth bluſh,
Here cool, freſh *Spirits* the air bruſh;
Herbs (ſtrait) get up, *Flow'rs* peep and ſpread:
Trees whiſper praiſe, and bow the head.
Birds from the ſhades of night releaſt
Look round about, then quit the neaſt,
And with united gladneſs ſing
The glory of the morning's King.
The *Hermit* hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their Joys:
Then prays, that all the world may be
Bleſt with as ſweet an unity.

If ſudden ſtorms the day invade,
They flock about him to the ſhade:
Where wiſely they expect the end,
Giving the tempeſt time to ſpend;
And hard by ſhelters on ſome bough
Hilarion's ſervant, the ſage *Crow*.

O purer years of light, and grace!
The *diff'rence* is great, as the *ſpace*

'Twixt

'Twixt you and us: who blindly run
After *falſe-fires*, and leave the *Sun*.
Is not fair *Nature* of her ſelf
Much richer than dull *paint*, or *pelf*?
And are not *ſtreams* at the *Spring-head*
More ſweet than in carv'd *Stone*, or *Lead*?
But *fancy* and ſome *Artiſt's* tools
Frame a Religion for fools.

The *truth*, which once was plainly taught,
With *thorns* and *briars* now is fraught.
Some part is with bold *Fables* ſpotted,
Some by ſtrange *Comments* wildly blotted:
And *diſcord* (old Corruption's Creſt,)
With *blood* and *blame* hath ſtain'd the reſt.
So *Snow*, which in its firſt deſcents
A whiteneſs, like pure heav'n preſents,
When touch'd by *Man* is quickly ſoil'd
And after trodden down, and ſpoil'd.

O lead me, where I may be free
In *truth* and *Spirit* to ſerve thee!
Where undiſturb'd I may converſe
With thy great ſelf, and there rehearſe
Thy gifts with thanks, and from thy ſtore
Who art all bleſſings, beg much more!
Give me the Wiſdom of the *Bee*,
And her unwearied Induſtry:
That from the *wild Gourds* of theſe days
I may extract Health and thy praiſe;
Who can'ſt turn darkneſs into light,
And in my weakneſs ſhew thy might!

Suffer me not in any want
To ſeek refreſhment from a *Plant*.

Thou

Thou did'ſt not *ſet*! ſince all muſt be
Pluck'd up, whoſe *growth* is not from thee.
'Tis not the *garden* and the *Bowrs*,
Nor *ſenſe* and *forms* that give to flow'rs
Their *wholſomneſs*: but thy *good will*,
Which *truth* and *pureneſs* purchaſe ſtill.
Then ſince corrupt man hath driv'n hence
Thy kind and ſaving *Influence*,
And *Balm* is no more to be had
In all the Coaſts of *Gilead*:
Go with me to the *ſhade* and *cell*,
Where thy beſt *Servants* once did dwell.
There let me know thy *Will*, and ſee
Exil'd *Religion* own'd by thee.
For thou can'ſt turn dark *Grots* to *Halls*,
And make *Hills* bloſſome like the *vales*:
Decking their untill'd *heads* with flow'rs
And freſh delights for all ſad hours:
Till from them, like a laden *Bee*,
I may fly home, and *hive* with thee.

To Chriſtian Religion.

FArewel thou true and tried Refection
Of the ſtill poor and meek *Election*!
Farewel Souls *Joy*, the quickning *health*
Of Spirits, and their ſecret *wealth*!
Farewel my *Morning-ſtar*, the bright
And dawning *looks* of the true Light!
O bleſſed *ſhiner*! tell me whither
Thou will be gone, when night comes hither?
A *Seer*, that obſerv'd thee in
Thy Courſe, and watch'd the growth of Sin,

Hath giv'n his Judgment and foretold,
That *Weſt-ward* hence thy *Courſe* will hold:
And when the day with us is done,
There fix, and ſhine a glorious Sun.
O hated *ſhades* and *darkneſs*! when
You have got here the Sway agen,
And like unwholſome *fogs* withſtood
The light, and blaſted all that's good:
Who ſhall the happy *ſhepherds* be
To watch the next *Nativity*
Of Truth and brightneſs, and make way
For the returning, riſing day?
O! what year will bring back our bliſs,
Or who ſhall live, when God doth this?
Thou *Rock* of Ages, and the *Reſt*
Of all, that for thee are oppreſt!
Send down the *Spirit* of thy truth,
That Spirit, which the tender *Youth*
And firſt *growths* of thy *Sponſe* did ſpread
Through all the world, from one ſmall *head*!
Then, if *to blood we muſt reſiſt*
Let thy mild *Dove*, and our high *Prieſt*
Help us, when man proves falſe, or frowns,
To bear the *Croſs*, and ſave our *Crowns*:
O! honour thoſe, that honour thee!
Make *Babes* to ſtill the Enemy:
And teach an *Infant* of few days
To perfect by his death, thy praiſe!
Let none defile what thou did'ſt *wed*,
Nor tear the *garland* from her head:
But chaſt and chearful let her dye,
And pretious in the *Bridegrooms* Eye!

So

So to thy glory, and her praiſe
Theſe laſt ſhall be her brighteſt dayes.

Revel. Chap. laſt, verſ. 17.

The Spirit and the Bride ſay, Come.

DAPHNIS.

An Elegiac *Eclogue.*

on the death of his brother Thomas —

The Interlocutors,

Damon, Menalcas.

Da. WHat clouds, *Menalcas*, do oppreſs thy brow?
Flow'rs in a Sunſhine never look ſo low.
Is *Niſa* ſtill cold Flint? or have thy Lambs
Met with the Fox by ſtraying from their Dams?

Men. Ah! *Damon*, no; my Lambs are ſafe, & ſhe
Is kind, and much more white than they can be.
But what doth life, when moſt ſerene, afford
Without a worm, which gnaws her faireſt gourd?
Our days of gladneſs are but ſhort reliefs,
Giv'n to reſerve us for enduring griefs.
So ſmiling Calms cloſe Tempeſts breed, wch break
Like ſpoilers out, and kill our flocks, when weak.
I heard laſt *May* (and *May* is ſtill high Spring,)
The pleaſant *Philomel* her Veſpers ſing.

The green wood glitter'd with the golden Sun
And all the Weſt like Silver ſhin'd; not one
Black cloud, no rags, nor ſpots did ſtain
The Welkins beauty: nothing frown'd like rain;
But e're night came, that Scene of fine ſights turn'd
To fierce dark ſhowrs; the Air with lightnings burn'd;
The woods ſweet Syren rudely thus oppreſt,
Gave to the Storm her weak and weary Breaſt.
I ſaw her next day on her laſt cold bed;
And *Daphnis* ſo, juſt ſo is *Daphnis* dead!

Da. So Violets, ſo doth the Primroſe fall,
At once the Springs pride and its funeral.
Such eaſy ſweets get off ſtill in their prime,
And ſtay not here, to wear the ſoil of Time. (paſt;
While courſer Flow'rs (which none would miſs, if
To ſcorching Summers, and cold Autumns laſt.

Men. Souls need not time, the early forward things
Are always fledg'd, and gladly uſe their Wings,
Or elſe great parts, when injur'd quit the Crowd,
To ſhine above ſtill, not behind the Cloud.
And is't not juſt to leave thoſe to the night,
That madly hate, and perſecute the light?
Who doubly dark, all *Negroes* do exceed,
And inwardly are true black Moores indeed.

Da, The puniſhment ſtill manifeſts the Sin,
As outward ſigns ſhew the diſeaſe within.
While worth oppreſt mounts to a nobler height,
And Palm-like bravely overtops the weight.

So,

So where ſwift *Iſca* from our lofty hills
With lowd farewels deſcends, and foming fills
A wider Channel, like ſome great port-vein,
With large rich ſtreams to feed the humble plain:
I ſaw an Oak, whoſe ſtately height and ſhade
Projected far, a goodly ſhelter made,
And from the top with thick diffuſed Boughs
In diſtant rounds grew, like a Wood-nymphs houſe.
Here many Garlands won at Roundel-lays
Old ſhepheards hung up in thoſe happy days,
With knots and girdles, the dear ſpoils and dreſs
Of ſuch bright maids, as did true lovers bleſs.
And many times had old *Amphion* made
His beauteous Flock acquainted with this ſhade;
A Flock, whoſe fleeces were as ſmooth and white
As thoſe, the wellkin ſhews in Moonſhine night.
Here, when the careleſs world did ſleep, have I
In dark records and numbers noblie high
The viſions of our black, but brighteſt Bard
From old *Amphion*'s mouth full often heard; (known,
With all thoſe plagues poor ſhepheards ſince have
And Ridles more, which future times muſt own.
While on his pipe young *Hylas* plaid, and made
Muſick as ſolemn as the ſong and ſhade.
But the curs'd owner from the trembling top
To the firm brink, did all thoſe branches lop,
And in one hour what many years had bred,
The pride and beauty of the plain lay dead.
The undone Swains in ſad ſongs mourn'd their loſs,
While ſtorms & cold winds did improve the Croſs.
But Nature, which (like vertue) ſcorns to yield
Brought new recruits and ſuccours to the Field;

For by next Spring the check'd Sap wak'd from ſleep
And upwards ſtill to feel the Sun did creep,
Till at thoſe wounds, the hated Hewer made,
There ſprang a thicker and a freſher ſhade.

Men. So thrives afflicted Truth! and ſo the light,
When put out, gains a value from the Night.
How glad are we, when but one twinkling Star
Peeps betwixt clouds, more black than is our Tar?
And Providence was kind, that order'd this
To the brave Suff'rer ſhould be ſolid bliſs;
Nor is it ſo till this ſhort life be done,
But goes hence with him, and is ſtill his Sun.

(eſt Bays

Da. Come Shepherds then, and with your green-
Refreſh his duſt, who lov'd your learned Lays.
Bring here the florid glories of the Spring,
And as you ſtrew them pious *Anthems* ſing,
Which to your children and the years to come
May ſpeak of *Daphnis*, and be never dumb.
While proſtrate I drop on his quiet Urn
My Tears, not gifts; and like the poor, that mourn
With green, but humble Turfs; write o're his Hearſe
For falſe, foul Proſe-men this fair Truth in Verſe.

"Here *Daphnis* ſleeps! & while the great watch goes
"Of loud and reſtleſs Time, takes his repoſe.
"Fame is but noiſe, all Learning but a thought:
"Which one admires, another ſets at nought.
"Nature mocks both, and Wit ſtill keeps adoe;
"but Death brings knowledge and aſſurance too.

Men.

Men. Caſt in your Garlands, ſtrew on all the flow'rs
Which *May* with ſmiles, or *April* feeds with ſhow'rs.
Let this days Rites as ſtedfaſt as the Sun
Keep pace with Time, and through all Ages run.
The publick character and famous Teſt
Of our long ſorrows and his laſting reſt;
And when we make proceſſion on the plains,
Or yearly keep the Holyday of Swains,
Let *Daphnis* ſtill be the recorded name
And ſolemn honour of our feaſts and fame.
For though the *Iſis* and the prouder *Thames*
Can ſhew his reliques lodg'd hard by their ſtreams,
And muſt for ever to the honour'd name
Of Noble *Murrey* chiefly owe that fame:
Yet, here his Stars firſt ſaw him, and when fate
Beckon'd him hence, it knew no other date.
Nor will theſe vocal Woods and Valleys fail,
Nor *Iſca*'s lowder Streams this to bewail, glide
But while Swains hope and Seaſons change, will
With moving murmurs, becauſe *Daphnis* di'd.

Da. A fatal ſadneſs, ſuch as ſtill foregoes,
Then runs along with publick plagues and woes,
Lies heavy on us, and the very light
Turn'd Mourner too, hath the dull looks of Night.
Our vales like thoſe of Death, a darkneſs ſhew
More ſad than Cypreſs, or the gloomy Yew,
And on our hills, where health with height complied,
Thick drowſie Miſts hang round and there reſide.
Not one ſhort parcel of the tedious year
In its old dreſs and beauty doth appear;

Flowr's hate the Spring, and with a ſullen bend (tend,
Thruſt down their Heads, which to the Root ſtill
And though the Sun like a cold Lover, peeps
A little at them, ſtill the Days-eye ſleeps.
But when the Crab and Lion with acute
And active Fires their ſluggiſh heat recruit,
Our graſs ſtraight ruſſets, and each ſcorching day
Drinks up our Brooks as faſt as dew in May.
Till the ſad Heardſman with his Cattel faints,
And empty Channels ring with loud Complaints.

Men. Heaven's juſt diſpleaſure & our unjuſt ways
Change Natures courſe, bring plagues dearth and (decays.
This turns our lands to Duſt, the skies to Braſs,
Makes old kind bleſſings into curſes paſs.
And when we learn unknown and forraign Crimes,
Brings in the vengeance due unto thoſe Climes.
The dregs and puddle of all ages now
Like Rivers near their fall, on us do flow.
Ah happy *Daphnis!* who, while yet the ſtreams
Ran clear & warm (though but with ſetting beams,)
Got through: and ſaw by that declining light
His toil's and journey's end before the Night.

(Bars,

Da. A night, where darkneſs lays her chains and
And feral fires appear inſtead of Stars.
But he along with the laſt looks of day
Went hence, and ſetting (Sun-like) paſt away.
What future ſtorms our preſent ſins do hatch
Some in the dark diſcern, and others watch;

Though

Though foreſight makes no Hurricane prove mild ;
Fury that's long fermenting, is moſt wild.
But ſee, while thus our ſorrows we diſcourſe,
Phœbus hath finiſh't his diurnal courſe.
The ſhades prevail, each Buſh ſeems bigger grown :
Darkneſs (like State,) makes ſmall things ſwell and frown.
The Hills and Woods with Pipes and Sonnets round
And bleating ſheep our Swains drive home, reſound.

Men. What voice from yonder Lawn tends hither ? heark !
'Tis *Thyrſis* calls, I hear *Lycanthe* bark.
His Flocks left out ſo late, and weary grown
Are to the Thickets gone, and there laid down.

Da. Menalcas, haſte to look them out, poor ſheep
When day is done, go willingly to ſleep.
And could bad Man his time ſpend, as they do,
He might go ſleep, or die, as willing too.

Men. Farewel kind *Damon !* now the Shepheards Star
With beauteous looks ſmiles on us, though from far.
All creatures that were favourites of day
Are with the Sun retir'd and gone away.
While feral Birds ſend forth unpleaſant notes,
And night (the Nurſe of thoughts,) ſad thoughts promotes.
But Joy will yet come with the morning-light,
Though ſadly now we bid good night ! *Da.* good night !

Eugenii

Eugenii Philalethis,

VIRI

INSIGNISSIMI

ET

Poetarum

Sui Sæculi, meritò Principis:

VERTUMNUS

ET

CYNTHIA, &c.

Q. Horat.

——*Qui prægravat artes Infra se positas, extinctus ambitur.*——

LONDINI,

Impensis *Roberti Pawlett*, M.DC. LXXVIII.

Ornatiſſimo viro Domino

MATHÆO HERBERT,

Inſtitutori ſuo imprimis ſuſpiciendo.

ACcipe primitias, dilecte *Herberte*, tuoſq;
Quales formâſti, docte *Mathæe*, modos.
Te mea diſſimili ſequitur conamine Muſa,
Pallet ut ad vivas picta tabella roſas.
Sic quæ mella ſacri congeſſit Alumnus *Hymetti*
Servant libati Suavia prima Thymi.

Aliud.

Quæ viridi, *Mathæe*, fuit tibi meſſis in herba,
Hoc te compenſat fœnore cocta *Ceres*.
Non potes in noſtri furtivis litibus ævi
Dicere, te ſegetem non decimâſſe meam.

E. P.

Vertumnus.

HEus! *Vertumne*, adsum, tumuloq; incumbo rapinam
Commeditans: Tu quos incepit dextra tumultus
Fugisti, partamq; tenes in funere pacem.
Non licet dormire; Ego te, cineremq; superbum
Exçutiam somno. Non hic Equites peditesq;
Circumstant; nulla est lateri Rhomphæa, Satelles
Nullus: nulla humeris jactatis læna lacertis
Fluctuat, & nostrum deridet murice pannum.
Præterît illa ætas, quâ te timuisse necesse
Et tutum fuit; haud umbras, manesq; recluſos
Horremus: nihil est, si clausis naribus adsto, (mes
Quod metuam, morbos, hircum, excrementaq;: ver-
Sollicito; lectusq; tuus de stercore versus.
Cur non eloqueris? neq; palma morebere, nec Crus?
Tende manus; hìc sunt tibi vectigalia, Census,
Poculaq; argentumq; auratusq; annulus instar
Hannibalis; *Sejanus* Equus tibi ducitur, aut si
Non placeant, præsto est meretrix; hanc accipe saltem
In foveam, *Vertumne*. Neq; hanc? quid? tunè clientem
Deseris? ut video, *NULLA est Captura Sepulchri.*
Tolle caput, raucâq; iterùm cum voce phalanges
Increpita; *Satis est latrare audaciùs in hostem.*
O qualis facies! recitanda *Litania* nunc est
Si possem; Lupus est, taceoque. Irata *Minerva*
Non tenuit tales, objectâ *Gorgone*, vultus.
Sunt oculi patres, qui *Lyncea*, qui *Galilæum*

Cum

Cum speculo vicere; & prophylactica *Galli*
Strumaq; viderunt: quibus ipso *Hispanus* in ovo
Emicuit dolus; hic *Scoti* tentoria vidit
Prima, novasq; faces in Sydere *Cassiopeæ*.
Nunc nihil hic præter cæcosq; cavosq; meatus,
Pejoresq; isto spurcoq; foramine per quod
Claudius, impleto jam ventre, cacare solebat.
Depasta est facies, magnæq; proboscidis uncus
Depastus, totoq; exesus fornice nasus.
Formosum faceret *Tongillum* & Rhinoceroten.
O patulam gingivam! ubi nunc tua pharmaca, malas
Quæ radant, scabrosq; albent rubigine dentes?
Haud equidem infælix tales pandebat hiatus
Hecuba, cum misso vultu meliore, pudendis
Faucibus oblatret Græcis, rictuq; canino.
Tune humilis trituſq; cinis decreta piorum
Excindi petis, & divini lumina verbi
Nocte premi, umbrisq;: ac sole funalia præfers?
Et superesse putas? Cujus jam brachia fracta
Curaq;, multiplicis dispersa cadavera fati
Præsentant; tua quantâ dedit documenta ruina,
Quæ speciem immensæ cladis, mortesq; coactas
Multorum, tumulo *Vertumni* ostendit in uno?
Par cinis est, æquale lutum, similesq; favilla
Quâ constas, milesq; triobolus; aut *Agoræus*,
Quo fœtat *Quimana*, parem cœlestia sortem
Non tribuere. Horum miseras stipendia vitas
Venales faciunt, animasq; ut villica porcos
Expendunt pretio: Tu non bibis in Nymphæo
Cum grege; *purpureus* tecum commilitat, aut *Dux*;
Parmosos spernis; quotiesq; ad *Jurgia* Currus
Conveniunt, crassa cum Majestate precantem

Absq;

Absq; oculis rides, & qui pede claudicat uno.
Nonne pudet duplicasse scelus, miserosq; secunda
Morte premi, nec velle istis solatia servis,
Quos tua lignipedes fecit fuga, monoculosq;?
Nunc scio quò tendit tua parsimonia; promus
Solvendus, meretrixq;, & quæ nasuta lupanar
Olfecit, rugosa Venus. Respublica tuta est
His instrumentis. Si vivida vina supersint
Quo pugnabis, habes; hic tota nocte tibi *Mars*
In lingua est, Spirasq; inter tua pocula fumos,
Quales *Amsanctus* vomit, aut *Vesuvius* ardens.
Grande stratagema! Et quo *Chinense* domabis
Imperium, *Budamq;* atque altos *Ottomannos*.
Procede, expugna mundum; tibi serviet orbis
Terrarum, regniq; extremo in margine pones,
Arcturumq;, *Crucemq;*, & Sydera *Medicæa*.
Sclopetum loquere & flammas: tormenta globosq;
Ferratos; verbisq; tuis, tanquam Catapultâ,
Disjice vicinas aures: hoc tramite victrix
Palma redit, quærenda tibi est his moribus. Hoc tu
Hannibalem feciss putas, cum funera *Cannis*
Roma ageret, luscoq; acies demessa *Gradivo* est?
Supremos expende dies, sitque exitus hujus
Fabellæ antè oculos: quid nunc inconditus iste
Mos tibi profecit? vel quid sonus, & celeris vox
Juramenta rotans, & lassâ opprobria linguâ?
Quis te miratur? vel quis tua fulgura pluris
Esse putat, quam sunt crepitus tibi posteriores?
His tamen alta malis laturum in Sydera nomen
Speràsti te posse tuum, nostrosq; nepotes
Visuros aliquod Sydus, brutumvè hominemve,
Assurgens, *Angloq;*, ardentes *Hercule* Cælos.

Appia

Appia clausa via est, tumuit quâ *Julius* olim
In Stellas, quâ qui expiravit podice, replit.
Tunè istos, *Vertumne*, inter numeraberis heros?
Numinibus si Scurra placet, si sancta libido
In trutina *Jovis* est, & Bacchanalia Sacra:
Justiùs in cœlum quis scandet? apertior ibit:
Porta, & suprema sedeas, *Vertumne*, cathedrâ.
Quicunq; es, qui scorta, dolos, homicidia, furta
Exerces, cæcæq; armamentaria mentis,
Hîc studeas; vocat è tumulo major *Cicerone*.
In Cinere hoc scriptum est, extatq; in manibus illis
Quod discas: *Brevis est, & transit vita, nihilq;*
Profeci his telis! Dic, quis Necromantica sumit
Hæc præcepta sibi, creditq; sagacior urnæ?
NON *unum invenio, cui consiliarius est mors.*
Tu legesq; forumq; & barbara Causidicorum
Labra moves, majora alio tua prædia fundo
Ut pateant; addisq; tuis malè jugera pauca
Pauperis: hæc magna & præter ludibria fati
Fixa putas; cum tu tantùm examine vero
Ætatem laceras concessam, atq; ardua nugis
Seria posthabeas; quotiès improvida tecum
Digeris hæc intraq; coquis: *mea vota secundet*
Si non quæ præsens lux est, tamen altera, saltem
Tertia; nec cernis repentem in sæcula mortem
Incautus, crediq; dies, ut suavia, posse
Te rapere, & stabilem furto producere vitam.
Temporis (heu!) nulla est, *Annorum nulla rapina,*
Quisq; suos numeros habet. Altæ murmura famæ
Nos agitant, properiq; nimis vestigia fati
Nemo audit, struit hîc turrita palatica, montes
Marmoreos; tetroq; alludit regia busto.

Quippe *Sepulchra etiam ſunt ipſa Cubilia, quæ tot Exanimes videre, & triſtia funera*; nec ſtat
Improba poſteritas, poſſitq; in limine ſcribi
Hic vixit. Si vis animæ Compendia noſtræ
Iſta petas, quæ ſola fides mercatur, & alto
Intendas cœlo, terramq; moramq; relinques.
DIVITIÆ veræ illæ ſunt, & vera Supellex
Quæ divina domos & prædia ponit in aſtris.

Cynthia.

TRanſierat jam pura dies, & fortior ignis
Cœlorum, temeraſq; ferens in lumine flammas
Phœbus, Venturæ fecit præludia nocti.
Cynthia cum molles æſtus & mitia ſenſit
Aſtra, levemq; leves errare per aëra ventos
Egreſſa eſt, hortoſq; ſuos floretaq; ſacra
Intravit, mediiſq; ſileus in floribus ibat.
Dumq; omnem explorat circà ſe provida partem,
Excurrunt oculorum ignes, & purior oris
Aura tremit, roſeiſq; halat Diapaſma labellis.
Luxuriant auro crines, dimiſſaq; veſtis
Ludentem inſequitur ſpecioſo ſyrmate Nympham.
Hîc gratas umbrarum hyemes, & frigora quærit;
Æſtivas hic ſola roſas carpebat, & albis
Intexit rubeas, poſitoq; è vertice peplo
Ipſa genis docuit ſimiles fratrare colores.
Carpit te *Narciſſe* puer! voſq; O! ſua ſigna
(Nam cecidit, nulloq; jacet curante,) Liguſtra!
Lilia connectit violis, ſacroſq; Amaranthos
Faſciculo immiſcet; nodoq; maritat in uno
Diſperſas florum veneres, ſpeculoq; remoto
Et formam faciemq; ſuis agnovit in herbis.

Hæc

Hæc illa. At vegetam *Flore* ſoboleṁq; micantem
Dum legit, extincta eſt! obituſq; in floribus eſt flos!
Nunc, O nunc ſylvæ pereant, animæq; virentes
Hortorum, plantæq;! Et faſcia caſſa valeto!
Ecce! ruunt *Veneres*, multoq; *Cupidine* cingunt
Spem vitæ ſtudiumq; meæ; ſpoliatur amœnus
Hortulus, & rapto, ſtant mœſta roſaria flore.
O ſi non ultrà tentâſſent! ſi mea tantum
Cynthia manſiſſet ſimilis ſibi! perfida mores
Fata regunt, fruſtraq; omnes meliora docemur.
Aureus aſſurgit, multoq; nitore *Cupido*
Aggreditur nympham, ſpiratq; ſuperbior ignes.
Nectare diſtillant alæ, & divina volatu
Ambroſia exiliens cœleſtes ſeminat auras.
Utq; ſtetit, vidi celerem librare ſagittam
Pennatamq; ſuis plumis; ſtat miſſile fixum,
Accenditq; novas non duro in pectore flammas.
Illa ardet, clademq; ſuam cœlestibus ambit
Blanditiis, ipſoq; ſinu fovet inſcia mortem.
O toties miſeranda! deam hanc impune *Cupido*
Fœdâſti, ſimul ora tuam ſuperantia matrem.
Aſt ego proſpiciens ſenſi diſcedere vultus
Purpureos, niveoſq; mori cum virgine flores.
Nulla rubent tepidis immixta roſeta pruinis,
Nec tremulæ ludunt inter ſua lilia flammæ.
Marcet tanta venus, triſtiq; in vertice ſylva
Aurea diſperſis pendet neglecta capillis.
Nil manet *Elyſii* nulluſq; Hyacinthus, ut olim,
Vernat in his labiis; tota eſt in funere *Tempe*.
Non nego (ſit tua juſta licèt ſententia) cœlos
Crudeles; lapſæ ſtellæ revocantur in altum
Ex oculis, totoq; excedunt ſydera vultu.

Ingemuit, flevitq; ſuum mea *Cynthia* fatum
Triſtior, & nullâ fœlix albedine manſit.

In Chloen intuentem.

AFfixis formoſa *Chloe* dum ludit occellis,
Et tacito in vultus labitur igne meos.
Obvia luminibus mea forma occurit apertis,
Hoſpitat inq; oculis tranſanimata ſuis.
Hîc & aquas penetratq; ignes, vitreaſq; pupillas
Plena vel ærumnis pingit imago meis.
Flevit ſacra *Chloe*, formoſaq; lumina plorat
In ſpeculum tantis facta fuiſſe malis.

In Ephemeridas J. Kepleri.

EGte! mori properat dum prodigus annus,& horas
Urget ſydereis in ſua fata rotis,
Das, *Keplere*, novam temeris *Echineida* cœlis;
Et ſtupet ad remoram machina tota tuam.
Nunc duraturo radias, *Aurora*, rubore;
Et præſens hîc eſt, prætericuſq; dies.

Vitrum horarium ex ſepulti Mathematici pulvere.

SIc incluſa tuæ reſpondet *Mimula* dextræ
Et cœli aſſuetas audet arena vices.
Affectare juvat ſuperos poſt funera curſus,
Surgitq; ex atomis certior hora tuis.
Si numerat, partitq; diem tam neſcia techna,
Quid facit ad ſolem doctior umbra ſuum?

Ad

Ad virum eximium D. Thomam Poellum *Cantrevenſem S. S.* Theologiæ Doctorem

ESt niveæ amicus mentis, & calens mihi:
Ruriq; ſemper degit urbanus comes;
Nec ſcire poſſum, quas meus vices agit.
Non in remotis trutinâ & pace Curiis
Exercet ille lege quod cautum eſt, ſcelus;
Foriq; tritis litibus, jungit novas.
Non hoſpes intùs rebus haud ſuis vacat,
Nec ambit arte, quicquid eſt diſpar deo.
At ore fundit ille non inops ſuo
Roſas, ſaleſq; mentis & mares Jocos:
Interq; Doctos humilis & ſummus ſimul
Quos hîc ſolutus perdo, componit dies.

Ad Fontem, ex quo bibere ſolita eſt Stella.

OMeæ *Stellæ* ſpeculum! liberq;
Suaviùm, caſtos ubi pingit ignes
Umbra ſubridens, & amantis *Echo*
Muta puellæ!

Quàm nimis grato querulus ſuſurro
In fugam ſerpis, virideſq; tophi
Pectinas cinnos, vitreoq; fundis
Ore fluentem?

Hac *Venus* ſpumâ poterit creari
Succubæ præſtans vetulæq; divæ;
Quæ novo formæ, fideiq; ſolvet
Fœdere litem.

Pulchrior vultus, meliorq; ſcæna
Fonte *Narciſſi* facieq; fluctus
Hos facit lautos magis, atq; nulla
Cæde cruentos.

Hic leves albis volitare pennis
Adſolent *Ludi*, *venereſq;* caſtæ;
Iſta cultori dedit unda mortem,
Hæc mihi vitam.

In Stellam Lachrymantem.

NOn miror, mea *Stella*, tuo tua lumina fletu
Suffuſa, & mixtas ignibus *Ignis* aquas.
Ex oculis ducendus erat fons. Altera nulla eſt
Digna ſatis faciem quæ lavet unda tuam.

In Eandem acra febre dormientem.

HIc jaceo: mixta mortis & vitæ Venus;
Amare Parcam docuit vel ſomnus meus.
Ludit Corallis morbus, & multa in nive
Combuſta mors eſt, dum meas genas petit
Mirata prædam, tranſit in vitam tepens;
Et quam necâſſet, ſtravit in lectum ſibi
Dormitq; capta. Quos ſuperfuſos vides
Florum popellos: Lilia & diam Roſam
Amator ſparſit; exprimi nullis ſuam
Ut par, figuris ille ſic deam docet.
Vix eſt creatus in Roſis tropus mihi.

Ejuſdem

Ejusdem Epitaphium.

ADesto multâ superûm *Nepenthe madens*
Ver: annus infans, primula & florens *Hebe.*
Tuusq; tecum *Zephyrus* accedat, tui
Serenus oris halitus, promus Rosæ:
Florum solennis fascinus, carmen potens
Ipsis sepulchris mortuum germen vocans.
Adstes et *Euri* mitiùs volans ala,
Aurâq; degens divite, & thure in sacro
Fumata, pennis incubet tuis *Eos.*
Est urna parva *Stellulam* meam tenens,
Quæ vos in arctum postulat typum deæ.
Florum huc adesto, quicquid hic mundus parit,
Sui character sparsus, ac inops Icon.
Cognata venis viola, sanguini est rosa.
Natura ubiq; pingit in luctus meos,
Et tophus omnis parturit *Stellæ* notas.
Sit Epitaphium par Hyacinthus tibi,
Qui flore pandens, quas tegit tellus genas,
Aiacis instar *Αἰ* meum semper ferat,
Tuæq; cladis annuè monens Epos.
Visurus ora qualia, & quales manus,
Amplectar albas, purpurâ & tinctas rosas;
Tibiq; flores servient, spinæ mihi!
Si liliis adsto, dicam, hîc vivit meæ,
Et si sepulchris, hîc perit *Stellæ* color.

Guſtavus Adolphus *Rex Sueciæ Intrat* Germaniam.

SIſte aquilas *Cæſar*: quæ ſolem, igneſq; potentes
Suſtinet, his oculis cæca revertet avis.
Explorare mori eſt: haud tanto in lumine tentes
Degenerem & nullo nomine pullitiem.
Fulminibus ſervire aquilæ eſt; non regia flammis
Imperat; eſt ſuperis penna miniſtra focis.
Guſtavus fulgetra regit Mavortis, & Ille eſt
Invenient vel quem flammæ, aquilæq; *Jovem.*

Tillium *congrediens augurium rident.*

ADſtitit, in bellum *Sueco* veniente, volantûm
Turba, & *Lipſiacum* fuſa tegebat agrum.
Cum miles ſub utroq; ruens ductore Catervam
Diſſipat, & turmis territa ſurgit avis.
Primò te, *Tilli*, comiteſq; ſupervolat, & mox
Guſtavum: at raptâ ex hoſte ſalute, petit.
Non erat augurium hoc: aliud victoria pennis
Et dignum vel te geſſit, *Adolphe*, ſuis.

Moriens Wallenſtenium *fundit.*

ADſis & extrema major, *Guſtave*, ruinâ,
Quàm per tot vitæ ſparſa trophæa tuæ.
Hîc congeſta jacent tanti miracula belli,
Contrahit inq; unum ſe tua fama diem.
Cedite *Romani*! vobis viciſſe, triumphus;
Guſtavo plus eſt quàm ſuperare, mori.

Teſtatur

Teſtatur ſe Germanorum *libertatem ſanguine ſuo ſigillare.*

SCripſerat hanc, hoſtiſq; priùs ſua dextra cruore;
Jam ſignata ſuo ſanguine charta valet.
Libertas quàm lata tibi, *Germania* magna, eſt!
Cujus vel mundo teſſera major erat.

Carolus *Primus*, Anglorum *Rex.*

EN, en Deorum *Magnes*, & tracti Numinis
Sub ſole *Thronus*: Ignium Cœli *Silex*
Ferroq; tritus in ſuas flammas abiens!
Depreſſa *palma*, quæ veram palmam tulit,
Crevitq; in ipſos oneri non cedens deos.
Chriſti, ſuoq; ſanguine hic unctus fuit,
Cruciſq; nemo majus Exemplum dedit.
Rex ille *Regni*, rex idem vixit *ſui*,
Legemq;, quam nec *ſubditi* ferrent, tulit.
Jus ſemper illi ſumma & regalis comes.
Fideſq; ſancta dirigens dextram ſuam,
Quam ſic coercet, præſidem agnovit manum.
Furor, rapina, cædes & dolus malus
Unius omnes regium invadunt caput:
Caditq; (nôſti cœlum!) tam ſanctus parens
Ab his peremptus, vel quibus vitam daret.
Secunda ab ipſo victima hæc *Chriſto* fuit.

Diſce Lector,

NOn ſemper bona invenit, qui bonum quærit.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium Gulielmi Laud *Episcopi* Cantuarienſis.

O Fida tellus! cœli depoſitum cape,
Neq; illum topho premas, ſed amplectere.

Hic jacet Lector, (ſerva tu lachrymas malis,)
Eccleſiæ pharus, Idemq; naufragium ſibi;
Repumicator Orbis & Cœli pugil:
Frigentis aræ titio, haud ignis novus,
Sed Angelorum flamma *Manoæ* capax.
Deſiſte ſæclûm: majus non potes nefas.
Laſſata crux eſt, martyrum appendix fuit.
Quotidiana non eſt talis manus.

Liberiùs nemo ſanguinem patriæ daret
Si res vocâſſent; nec confidentiùs dedit
Cum non vocabant, nempe curavit mori,
Anteitq; iſtam, quam ſtabiliret fidem.
Sic ille cœlum rapuit, & vitæ tomos
Obliteratos maculis adverſæ manûs
Proprio reſcripſit ſanguine, innocuus ſimul
Et condemnatus: ſic citat teſtes Deus!

O feſtus ille cinis! & fœlix miſer,
Qui probro honores mutat, & mundi ſatur
Injuriis emit cœlos, ac Stellas tenet!
Feciſti probè! fidei ſenex malum
Mors eſt: Ereptus vitæ pugillus tibi
Cum diis acquirit annos, omiſit diem.
Palles ſceleſte? non habet ſanum ſibi

Cruorem,

Cruorem, quisquis sic alienum sitit.
Sed non in terram fluxit, ne bibit lutum
Fluentem: sitiens sanguinem pulvis suum
Pulvere formatus homo est.
Non periit ergo. *Laudis* tam justæ threnos
Nec morituras nænias hostes sui
Qui habent aures, audient.
Abi jam Lector, & benè discas mori.

Mauritius Pontisfracti *Castrum ingreditur.*

ARx alta! & *Caroli* spes una atq; ultima nostri,
Quâ tria conveniunt hospita regna simul.
His extrema fides ponet vestigia muris,
Clarior éq; tuis mœnibus astra petet.
Non superesse licet: cupio fundamina mortis
Ponere, & hoc nostram condere teste necem.
Præside *Mauritio* tua mœnia digna tueri,
Nec nisi *Mauritio* præside digna capi.

Propositâ *ab hoste pactione, solus excluditur.*

HAnc mea mors, mea vita diem celebrate: pareſq;
Et similes habeant utraq; fata vices.
Vita, meam mortem celebra: tu mors mea, vitam;
Sitq; audere mori, pactio *Mauritii.*
Vivere me trepidant hostes: faciamus & ipsos
Quam petiere, meam vel trepidare necem.

Dedito

Dedito Castro, & pactione excluſus per medios hoſtes erumpit.

SOl, orbis ſpectator ades, curruq; repreſſo
Mirandum è ſuperis aſpice *Mauritium!*
Solus in hoſtiles audet procedere turmas,
Hac illi oblata eſt conditione ſalus.
Mille refert, & mille ruit varia arte per hoſtes:
Et varios quaſi ſe dividit uſq; locos.
Stravit totam aciem dux atq; Exercitus ipſe:
Illa dies, quod vix poſtera credat habet.
Victricem obtinuit, morte indignante, ſalutem:
Credibile eſt tantum fata timere manum.

Aliud.

ARcta eſt, quam tribuis fortuna, redemptio; vel (mors,
Vel requiem hoſtilis pervia turma dabit.
Aut manus hæc nobis tutela, aut nulla; cadamq;
Hoſte ſemel major: me, *Caroloq;* minor.
Par illi exemplum eſt; regem aſſimulare docemur:
Fataq; inauditis exuperare modis.
Jnfilio! levis eſt vobis, nulluſq; triumphus;
Non poteram vinci, nec dabo poſſe mori.

Aliud.

VEnit ſumma dies, & quâ pepigiſſe, perire eſt.
Major ſum, quàm cui ſic ſupereſſe licet.
Percutimus pulchrum poſito cum funere fœdus,
Sitq; hæc pro vita pactio, velle mori.

Plebeius

Plebeius vigor hoc, quivisq; gregarius haud dat:
Hoc solius habent pectora *Mauritii*.

Desiderantur *Alcippus* & *Jacintha* (Poema Heroicum absolutissimum,) cum multis aliis *Oxonii* ab Authore relictis.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of Books Printed for, and ſold by Robert Pawlet *at the Bible in* Chancery Lane *near* Fleetſtreet.

Villare Anglicanum, or a view of all Towns, Villages, *&c.* In *England* and *Wales*, ſo that naming any Town or place, you may readily find what Shire, Hundred, Rape or Wapentake it is in. Alſo the number of Biſhopricks, Counties, under their ſeveral juriſdictions, and the Shire-Towns, Burroughs and Pariſhes in each County, by the appointment of the eminent Sir *Henry Spelman* Kt.

The Nuns Complaint againſt the Friers, being the Charge given in the Court of *France* by the Nuns of St. *Katharines* near *Provence*, againſt the Father Fryers, their Confeſſors; ſhewing their abuſes in their allowance of undecent Books, and Love-letters, and Marriages of the Friers and Nuns, their Frolicks and Entertainments, *&c.* ſeveral times printed in French, and now faithfully done into Engliſh.

Mary Magdalen's *Tears wiped off*; or the voice of Peace to an unquiet Conſcience.

The Golden Remains of that ever memorable Mr. *John Hales* of *Eaton* Colledg *&c.* the ſecond Impreſſion with many additions not before publiſhed, in *Quarto*.

Epiſcopacy as eſtabliſhed by Law in England, written by the command of the late King *Charles*, by *Robert Saunderſon*, late Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, in *Oct.*

Inceſtuous Marriages, or Relations of Conſanguinity

nity and Affinity hindering and dissolving Marriage, as making all Marriages within such Relations to be Incestuous, and all Children of such *Marriages* to be Illegitimate, or Bastards to all intents and purposes.

A Collection of Articles, Injunctions, Canons, Orders, Ordinances and Constitutions Ecclesiastical, and other publick Records of the Church of *England*, with a Preface by *Anthony Sparrow* Lord Bishop of *Norwich*.

The Causes of the Decay of Christian Piety; both by the Author of the whole Duty of Man.

A Scholastical History of the Canon of Holy Scripture, or the certain and indubitable Books thereof, as they are received in the Church of *England*, by Dr. *Cosin* Lord B. of *Durham*.

An Historical Vindication of the Church of *England*, as it stands separated from the Roman, &c. by Sir *Roger Twisden* Baronet.

Mr. *Chillingsworth*'s *Reasons against Popery*, perswading his Friend to turn to his Mother the Church of *England*, from the Church of *Rome*.

The Book of Homilies appointed to be read in Churches.

Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical.

Divine Breathings, or, a Pious Soul thirsting after Christ in an hundred excellent Meditations.

Hugo Grotius de Rebus Belgicis, or, the Annals and History of the Low Countrey Wars.

A Treatise of English Particles: with a *Praxis* upon the same; by *William Walker* B. D. School-Master of *Grantham*.

The Royal Grammar, commonly called *Lillies* Grammar

Grammar explained, with great plainness, to Children of the meanest capacity, by *William Walker*, B. D. Author of the Treatise of English Particles.

A Rationale on the Book of Common prayer of the Church of *England*, by *Anthony Sparrow*, Lord Bishop of *Norwich*, with his caution to his Diocess against false Doctrines.

A Treatise proving Spirits, Witches, and Supernatural operations, by pregnant Instances and Evidences, by *Meric Causabon*. Octa.

A Catalogue of all the Parliaments, or reputed Parliaments from the year 1640.

A Narrative of some passages, in or relating to the long Parliament, by a Person of Honour.

Nemesius, Nature of Man in English by *George Withers*, Gent.

Inconveniencies of Toleration.

Toleration intolerable.

A Thanksgiving Sermon, preached before the King, by *J. Dolbin*, D. D. Dean of *Westminster*.

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A Narrative of the burning of *London* 1666. with an Account of the Losses, and a most remarkable parallel between it and *Mosco*, both as to the Plague and Fire.

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